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# Sir Robert Howard's Comedy “THE COMMITTEE”

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY  
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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	9
CHAPTER I. Howard: Man and Statesman.....	9
CHAPTER II. Howard: Poet, Dramatist, and Historian.....	16
CHAPTER III. "The Committee" and "Teague": History and Criticism.....	39
TEXT OF "THE COMMITTEE" .....	47
TEXTUAL NOTES.....	119
GLOSSARIAL NOTES.....	127
BIBLIOGRAPHY.....	133



## PREFACE

The editing of Sir Robert Howard's comedy, "*The Committee*," complete as it now stands with Introduction and Notes, was undertaken and the results submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master in Arts in English in the Graduate School of the University of Illinois, Urbana, Illinois, 1917.

Selection of this particular play and author was prompted by several factors. Sir Robert Howard himself seems to me admirably representative of that very considerable number of minor Restoration dramatists who, while in no sense writers "of all time," yet were in a way more representative of their own times than many of their more famous contemporaries. Here we have, personified, the politician to whom dabbling in literature was as much a part of the day's work as was the crafty manipulation of weighty affairs of state for his King. True, as poets and dramatists they seldom shine—nor does Howard, as one of them; men of their literary caliber could hardly claim more than a passing mention in an age which gave us Dryden and his fellow immortals. But they are highly significant of the wide and active interest in the drama which marked their time—a period when practically everyone of prominence tried his hand at playwriting. And Sir Robert Howard, both more prominent and more gifted than many another of this group, not only wrote very fair plays but also, through his relations with Dryden, gained a prominence in the world of letters which, from the point of view of the student, at least, has lasted down to the present day. As a type of literary dilettante, then, and as one of the principals in the famous Dryden-Howard controversy, Sir Robert stands out as a writer well worth the detailed consideration here accorded him.

As to "*The Committee*," there is a liveness, a rollicking good humor about the play itself which makes it eminently readable even today—a distinction which sets it apart from most of the other "minor" plays of Howard's time. And a second, even more important reason for the selection of this play for treatment lies in the character of "*Teague*"—not only one of the most popular and famous comedy acting characters on the English stage for many years, but in all probability the prototype and in a way the fore-runner of the comic Irishman of the stage today. "*The Committee*" was not the best of Howard's plays nor the most important in a strictly literary sense; but it was the only one which gained even a measure of lasting popularity and it appealed to me as far more representative of the literary-political school of writers of Howard's time than any of his other works.

It should be noted that this study of Howard and "*The Committee*" does not pretend to be exhaustive nor even in a strictly academic sense com-

plete. Some important references and authorities were not readily accessible (notably the Anecdotes of the Howard Family) and circumstances were such that such sources could be referred to only indirectly.

Likewise and for the same reasons the collation of texts was limited to the editions available.

I should like to express my sincere appreciation of the careful guidance and valuable counsel of Dr. Harold N. Hillebrand of the University of Illinois, under whose direction this work was undertaken and completed. To Dr. Hillebrand belongs the credit both for my selection of the subject discussed and, in large part, for the method of treatment followed.

Los Angeles, California  
October 17, 1921.

CARRYL NELSON THURBER

# Sir Robert Howard's Comedy

## "THE COMMITTEE"

### INTRODUCTION

#### CHAPTER I

##### HOWARD: MAN AND STATESMAN

Sir Robert Howard, born in 1626, was the sixth son of Thomas Howard, first earl of Berkshire, by Elizabeth, daughter of William Cecil, Lord Burghley, afterwards second earl of Exeter.<sup>1</sup> About Howard's early life there is available practically no information further than that he was educated at Magdalene College, whether Oxford or Cambridge seems somewhat uncertain.<sup>2</sup> It is an illuminating commentary upon Sir Robert's own activities, however, to note that he was one of those Berkshire Howards who succeeded admirably in producing distinguished statesmen, politicians, and soldiers who were almost equally well known as second-rate poets and dramatists.<sup>3</sup> It may be added here that Sir Robert himself ran remarkably true to form in both respects.

At the outbreak of the Civil Wars, Howard, always a staunch supporter of Charles I,<sup>4</sup> joined the Royalist forces, with whom his conduct as a soldier would seem to have merited the comment that he "distinguished himself by his loyalty and courage."<sup>5</sup> It was at this time—in 1644, to be exact—that he rescued Lord Wilmot from the hands of the Parliamentarians, in the battle of Cropredy Bridge; for this deed of valor he was knighted on the field near Newbury, on June 29 of that year. His royalist activities, however, led to his imprisonment in Windsor Castle during the Commonwealth, and it was not until the Restoration that his fortunes began to mend.

<sup>1</sup> Except where otherwise noted, the facts concerning the life of Sir Robert Howard are taken from the article by A. H. Bullen in the *Dictionary of National Biography* (ed. 1909) vol. x, pp. 59-61.

<sup>2</sup> Wood [*Athenae Oxonienses* (ed. Philip Bliss, London, 1813) vol. IV, p. 594] notes that Howard was "for a time of Magdalene College," but that he "occurs not matriculated." The probable date of Howard's matriculation Wood gives as 1641. In Foster's *Alumni Oxonienses* (Oxford, 1891) vol. II, p. 753, Howard is listed as of Magdalene College. But Allibone's *Dictionary of Authors* and Cole's *Athenae Cantabrigienses* mention Howard as a student at Magdalene College, Cambridge.

<sup>3</sup> For instance, two of Sir Robert's own brothers, Edward and James Howard, were dramatists of a sort, although their productions were decidedly mediocre in quality.

<sup>4</sup> J. Nichols *A Select Collection of Poems &c.* (London, 1742) vol. I, p. 147, note. Sir Robert Howard is spoken of as "a zealous royalist."

<sup>5</sup> George Ellis *Specimens of the Early English Poets* (London, 1803) vol. III, p. 304.

In 1661 Howard was returned to Parliament from Stockbridge, Hampshire, and, further, was rewarded by Charles II, for his devotion to the latter's cause, by being made Knight of the Bath and by being appointed Secretary to the Commissioners of the Treasury. The real beginning of his career as a prominent statesman came when, in 1677, as an additional mark of the royal favor, he was appointed Auditor of the Exchequer, a position which he held up to the time of his death. This post, in addition to the lucrative positions already held by him,<sup>6</sup> enabled him to purchase, in 1680, the famous Ashstead estate, in Surrey, and in 1684 to build there the elaborate mansion which, with its staircase by Verrio and its portrait of Sir Robert by Sir Godfrey Kneller, was viewed appreciatively by Evelyn.<sup>7</sup> A hostile critic describes Howard as having been "one of King Charles's creatures, whom he advanced on account of his faithful services in cajoling the Parliament for money."<sup>8</sup> Since there seems to have been some ground for assigning Sir Robert's advancement to this cause,<sup>9</sup> despite the fact that he was a staunch Whig, it may be that his steady continuance in the good graces of the court was a sort of *quid pro quo*.

From 1677 on Sir Robert led a varied and active public life. On February 4, 1678, he was returned M. P. for Castle Rising, in Norfolk, and from then on until June, 1698, he was returned from the same constituency every year except 1685. It was in 1678, too, according to Evelyn,<sup>10</sup> that he impeached Sir William Penn, in the House of Lords, for breaking bulk and taking away rich goods out of the East India prizes formerly taken by the earl of Sandwich.

It was of course inevitable that one in Sir Robert's position should become the target for hostile criticism; but it is not until his appointment, on February 13, 1688, to the Privy Council that we begin to find such criticism directed against him in his public capacity. It is said that at that time he became "a violent persecutor of the Non-jurors, and disclaimed all manner of conversation and intercourse with any of that character";<sup>11</sup>

<sup>6</sup> See Pepys' *Diary* (ed. Wheatley, London, 1905) Dec. 8, 1666: Howard, "who is one of the King's servants, at least has a great office, and has got, they say, 20,000 since the King has come in."

<sup>7</sup> *Diary and Correspondence of John Evelyn* (ed. Wm. Bray, London, 1859) May 10, 1684.

<sup>8</sup> Theophilus Cibber *The Lives of the Poets of Great Britain and Ireland*, (London, 1753) vol. III, p. 57.

<sup>9</sup> Note this from Pepys' *Diary*, Feb. 14, 1668: "The House is in a most broken condition; nobody adhering to anything, but reviling and finding fault: and now quite mad at the Undertakers, as they are commonly called, Littleton, Lord Vaughan, Sir R. Howard, and others that are brought over to the Court, and did undertake to get the King money; but they despise, and will not hear, them in the House."

<sup>10</sup> *Diary*, April 9, 1678.

<sup>11</sup> Theophilus Cibber *The Lives of the Poets &c.*, vol. III, pp. 57-58.

and he was, in this regard, "so strong an advocate for the Revolution" that he, "by his obstinacy and pride, made many enemies."<sup>12</sup> This last comment is of particular interest, since, as will later be shown, it was precisely these characteristics of obstinacy and pride which did most to establish for Howard a rather unenviable reputation in private life.

In June, 1689, Sir Robert succeeded, in spite of vigorous Tory antagonism, in reopening the famous case against Oates<sup>13</sup> and in having the sentence against the latter declared illegal; a bill annulling this sentence was brought in without any opposition. He was less successful, however, when, in January, 1690, he and Sacheverell added a clause to the Whig bill for restoring the charters surrendered during the late reign. After a stormy session Parliament repudiated the clause and had it torn from the parchment containing the bill.

On July 10, 1690, Howard was deputed as one of the "Commissioners of the Fleet";<sup>14</sup> on July 29 of the same year he was appointed "to command all and singular the regiments and troops of militia horse which are or shall be drawn together under the command of John, Earl of Marlborough," throughout England and Wales.<sup>15</sup> Under date of August 9 of this year Luttrell mentions "a great rendezvouse of the militia troupes of horse of the adjacent counties, . . . to the number of 22 troops of horse, commanded by Sir Robert Howard, well mounted and equipt," and adds that on this occasion the Queen, who reviewed the troops, thanked them and their noble leader for their "readiness and good affection to her service."<sup>16</sup> This evidence, together with the fact that, on September 24, 1692, the Queen dined at Sir Robert's home in Surrey,<sup>17</sup> would indicate that the latter remained throughout his life successful in cultivating the royal favor.

The last item of information available regarding Howard's active life is of a more private nature. On February 26, 1693, "Sir Robert Howard, auditor of the exchequer, (aged near 70), . . . married young Mrs. [Annabelle] Dives, maid of honour to the princesse, aged about 18."<sup>18</sup> Howard had already been married at least twice, very possibly three times. On Febru-

<sup>12</sup> J. Nichols *A Select Collection of Poems*, vol. I, p. 147, note.

<sup>13</sup> This Oates case concerns the trial etc. of Titus Oates, instigator of the Popish Plot of 1678, accusing Papists of conspiring to assassinate Charles II. See *Encyclopedie Britannica*, eleventh edition, vol. XIX, pp. 938-939.

<sup>14</sup> Narcissus Luttrell *A Brief Historical Relation of State Affairs, from September 1678 to April 1714* (Oxford, 1857) vol. II, p. 74.

<sup>15</sup> *Public Records, Home Office, Military Entry Book*, II, ff. 142-143. This and the citation from Luttrell immediately following it are taken from the latter's *Brief Historical Relation* vol. II, pp. 88-89.

<sup>16</sup> Luttrell *Brief Relation* vol. II, p. 574.

<sup>17</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 577.

<sup>18</sup> Luttrell *Brief Relation* vol. III, p. 45.

ary 1, 1646, he married Ann, daughter of Sir Richard Kingsmill, of Malsanger, Church Oakley, Hants. His second wife, whom he married on August 10, 1665, at Wotton Bassett, was Lady Honora O'Brien, daughter of the Earl of Thomond and widow of Sir Francis Inglefield. As to the possibility of Sir Robert having married four times in all, instead of three, the records in this matter seem to be confused. If he did so, the marriage very probably took place between that with Lady O'Brien, in 1665, and that with Annabelle Dives, in 1693 (the latter being, in any event, his last marriage, as his bride in this instance survived him). It is also probable that those who refer to a third<sup>19</sup>—or to *another*<sup>20</sup> marriage have in mind Howard's well-known affair with the actress, Mrs. Uphill, of whom as an actress there is little trace.<sup>21</sup>

Sir Robert Howard died on September 3, 1698, "aged near 80,"<sup>22</sup> and, as Ward puts it, having "kept himself as prominent as he could in life, was buried in Westminster Abbey."<sup>23</sup>

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While our interest in Sir Robert Howard centers around his activities as a poet and dramatist, it will be well to review briefly some of the general criticism, both contemporary and more recent, which throws light upon him as an individual.

As a statesman Howard was both prominent and successful, even if not really brilliant. Macaulay's estimate of him as one who "had in parlia-

<sup>19</sup> *The Dictionary of National Biography* vol. X, pp. 59-61, credits Sir Robert with having married four times, but has nothing to offer as to who his third wife was. The first, second, and fourth wives are given as I have listed them above. I can find no evidence to prove that Howard really married Mrs. Uphill. True, Evelyn, in his *Diary*, October 18, 1666, speaks of "foul and indecent women being permitted to appear and act" on the stage, with the result that "several took these women as their misses, or in some cases, their wives. Witness—[Sir Robert Howard is named, among others]—who fell into their snares, to the reproach of their noble families and ruin of both body and soul." Not only is this no evidence of a marriage, however, but there is also to be considered the contrary evidence in the statement appearing in a scurrilous pamphlet of the times (*A Seasonable Argument to persuad: all the Grand Juries in England to petition for a new Parliament*, 1677) that (referring to Howard) "Many other places and boons he has had, but his w—Uphill spends all, and now refuses to marry him." (The italics are mine.)

<sup>20</sup> Tellenbach (*Rob. Howard's Comedy "The Committee" and "Teague," an Irish Stage-Type*; Ph. D. Thesis, University of Berne; Zurich, 1913; p. 6) places Mrs. Uphill as Howard's *first* wife. Frankly, in view of the evidence in Note 19, above, I see no grounds for this claim.

<sup>21</sup> As further evidence regarding the period of Howard's relations with Mrs. Uphill, however, it may be noted that Downes [*Roscius Anglicanus* (London, 1879) p. 11] mentions Mrs. Uphill as having come to the Company [the King's Company] *after* they had begun in Drury Lane; this would mean no earlier than 1660, at best; as it is unlikely that Howard was attracted to her before she began her stage career, there is still less reason to think that she was his first wife.

<sup>22</sup> Luttrell *Brief Relation* (Sept. 6, 1698) vol. IV, p. 423.

<sup>23</sup> Cambridge *History of English Literature*, vol. VIII, chap. 1, p. 23, note.

ment the weight which a staunch party man, of ample fortune, of illustrious name, of ready utterance, and of resolute spirit, can scarcely fail to possess,"<sup>24</sup> is more judicious, if more restrained, than that of Langbaine, who writes, of Howard: "This ingenious person is equally conspicuous for the lustre of his birth, and the excellence of his parts."<sup>25</sup>

As an individual, however, Howard seems to have been possessed of rather unpleasant personal characteristics—notably pride, obstinacy, and a marked tendency toward pretentiousness—which kept him in hot water a good bit of the time; unfortunately, too, it is largely because of the attacks made upon him, instigated primarily because of the characteristics mentioned, that we know him today. I refer particularly to the Dryden-Howard controversy over dramatic poetry, which will be discussed in a later chapter; we may devote some time here, however, to two somewhat similar episodes in Sir Robert's life.

In the first place, one of the personages angered by the pretentiousness of Howard was George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. In the latter's play, *The Rehearsal*, in the first edition (1663-4), The Poet was called Bilboa, "by which name Sir Robert Howard was the person pointed at," although the attack was soon shifted from Howard to Davenant, and later still, when Dryden succeeded Davenant as Poet Laureate, "this moved the Duke to change the name of the hero from Bilboa to Bays, directly levelling his bolt at Mr. Dryden."<sup>26</sup> This attack, then, was of little moment. Not so Shadwell's famous burlesque satire of Sir Robert, in *The Sullen Lovers*, or, as Pepys knew it, *The Curious Impertinent*.<sup>27</sup> Shadwell was "so angry with the knight for his supercilious and domineering manner of behaving, that he points him out under the name of Sir Positive At-all";<sup>28</sup> and while the play itself is of no great merit,<sup>29</sup> the fun poked at Howard seems to

<sup>24</sup> *History of England* (ed. Cheyney, 1898) vol. VI, p. 90.

<sup>25</sup> *An Account of the English Dramatic Poets* (Oxford, 1691) p. 305.

<sup>26</sup> Betterton *The History of the English Stage &c.* (London 1741) p. 8.

See also Theophilus Cibber's *Lives of the Poets* vol. III, p. 58.

The Key to *The Rehearsal* expresses doubt as to whether the Duke ever planned to satirize Howard, pointing out that many think his original plan was to mock Davenant.

<sup>27</sup> *The Sullen Lovers* (published 1668) has *The Curious Impertinent* as an alternative title.

<sup>28</sup> Theophilus Cibber *Lives of the Poets* vol. III, p. 58.

<sup>29</sup> Pepys (*Diary* May 4, 1668) speaks of "*The Impertinent*" as "but a very contemptible play, though there are many little witty expressions in it," adding, (May 5, 1668) "by Sir Positive At-all, I understand, is meant Sir Robert Howard." Saintsbury, in his introduction to *Shadwell's Works*, (Mermaid Series, introd., p. 3), praises "the lively Jonsonian humors of Sir Positive At-all and his fellows," adding that "although Sir Positive's eccentricities are, after Shadwell's fashion, too much multiplied and insisted upon, he is really a comic character."

have aroused a good deal of merriment. As there is other evidence to show that Shadwell's satirization was uncomfortably realistic, let us examine the play for a moment.

In the *dramatis personae* we find included the character of "Sir Positive At-all, a foolish knight, that pretends to understand everything in the world, and will suffer no man to understand anything in his company; so foolishly positive, that he will never be convinced of an error, though never so gross." This characterization is emphasized throughout the play; no matter what the subject under discussion—music, dancing, painting,—Sir Positive vaunts his prowess and asserts that he is a master in all fields, usually dismissing the matter with his pet expression, "I have considered it thoroughly." As an illustration of the extent to which Shadwell carried his treatment of Sir Robert, we may cite the amusing bit in Act III, Scene 1; the characters have been speaking of the game of trap-ball, whereupon Sir Positive breaks in with, "Why, I was so eminent at it when I was a school-boy, that I was called Trap Positive all over the school," a hit, by the way, which appears to have been founded on fact.<sup>30</sup>

There are two other points about *The Sullen Lovers* which are worthy of passing attention. First, among the characters is Lady Vain, a courtesan, "which the wits then understood to be the mistress of Sir Robert Howard, whom he afterwards thought proper to marry."<sup>31</sup> The other point is, for our purpose, of more moment; it is that, as Ward has it, "though universality seems to have been 'Sir Positive At-all's' foible, it was as a dramatic writer he above all sought to play a part in the world of letters."<sup>32</sup> Sir Positive himself (Act III, Scene 1) boasts thus: "Nay then, cousin, I am an ass, an idiot, a blockhead, and a rascal, if I don't understand dramatic poetry of all things in the world. Why, this is the only thing I am esteemed for in England"; and again, (Act V, Scene 1), when baited by Ninny and Woodcock, he breaks out with: "This single head of mine shall be the balance of Christendom; and by the strength of this I'll undermine all commonwealths, destroy all monarchies, and write heroic plays." While Howard's merits as a dramatist are to be discussed later on, these comments are included here to show that his reputation as a boaster and pretender was due, in large part, to his insistence upon his own merits as a poet and playwright.

<sup>30</sup> Pepys' *Diary* (May 8, 1668): "But Lord! to see how this play of Sir Positive At-all, in abuse of Sir Robert Howard, do take, all the Duke's and everybody's talk being of that, and telling more stories of him, of the like nature, that it is now the town and country talk, and, they say, is most exactly true. The Duke of York himself said that of his playing at trap-ball is true, and told several other stories of him."

<sup>31</sup> Theophilus Cibber *Lives of the Poets* vol. III, p. 58. The reference is to Mrs. Uphill, the actress. As to the question of Howard's marriage to her, see *ante*, p. 12.

<sup>32</sup> A *History of English Dramatic Literature* (London, 1899) vol. III, p. 393.

We may conclude, then, that Shadwell's attack, while no doubt somewhat overdone, had considerable justification, and that Sir Robert, whatever his merits in other respects, was, as a man, "a gentleman pretending to all manner of arts and sciences,—not ill-natured, but insufferably boasting."<sup>33</sup> As diplomat, jurist, and political henchman, zealous and loyal to the royal interests, successful if not brilliant, he was, as we have seen, *persona grata* at court throughout most of his life; furthermore, while perhaps arrogant and unduly vainglorious, he nevertheless was generous, kindly, and in the main unselfish. And by us it must be recognized that, whatever his personal merits or defects, in the political and social life of his times Sir Robert Howard was distinctly a personage.

<sup>33</sup> Evelyn *Diary* (February 16, 1685). The same writer again refers to Howard (June 16, 1683) as "Sir Robert Howard, (that universal pretender)."

## CHAPTER II

### HOWARD: POET, DRAMATIST, AND HISTORIAN

That a man of Howard's prominence, living in England at the time of the Restoration, should dabble in literature was practically inevitable; it was equally inevitable, in the light of his personal characteristics as we know them, that he should greatly overestimate his own worth as an author, and that the very pretentiousness and prideful obstinacy which marred his political career should militate against him far more disastrously in a field in which, to begin with, he was hopelessly outclassed, and for the activities of which he possessed only the most ordinary qualifications.

It is a matter of regret, then, that Howard was not content to rest upon his well-earned laurels as a statesman and diplomat; for a careful examination of his literary productions both for themselves and in relation to the available criticism thereon, can but lead one, I think, to this conclusion: that despite the very considerable popularity, during his own time, of at least two of his plays, there is in his work so little intrinsic merit as to bar him from serious consideration. On the other hand, notwithstanding the somewhat overharsh criticism of certain later writers—notably Theophilus Cibber and Sir Walter Scott—Sir Robert was by no means a negligible factor in the literary history of his own day. For himself, truly was he one of “the noble family of Howard” who “were distinguished for dramatic productions, in which were to be found plots romantic and absurd, and characters, not drawn from nature, but wild and ungoverned fancy,”<sup>1</sup> and who likewise, adds Macaulay, “enjoyed, in that age, the unenviable distinction of being wonderfully fertile of bad rhymers. The poetry of the Berkshire Howards was the jest of three generations of satirists. The mirth began with the first representation of *The Rehearsal* [see *ante*, p.13] and continued down to the last edition of the *Dunciad*.<sup>2</sup> As it developed, however, the real basis of Howard's literary reputation, and the justification of his being granted a position of any importance in the world of letters, lay not in his own merits but in the fact that he was brother-in-law to Dryden, and, even more, in his famous controversy with the latter over the respective merits of blank and rhymed verse for serious plays, a controversy which aroused a storm of discussion at the time, and to which

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Davies *Dramatic Miscellanies* (London, 1785) vol. III, p. 307.

<sup>2</sup> *History of England*, vol. VI, pp. 89-90. The attack in the *Dunciad* was levelled, not at Sir Robert, but at his brother, Edward Howard, in the couplet (First Book):

“And highborn Howard; more majestic sire,  
With Fool of Quality completes the quire.”

we of the present day owe a debt of gratitude, in that it was largely responsible for the production of Dryden's *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*.

Our present purpose being, then, to arrive at a reasonably correct estimate of Howard's merits as an author, it will be best to examine with some care his poetry and his plays, and to discuss the Dryden-Howard controversy in detail. As to the remaining portion of his works, the histories, it will not, I think, be necessary to give them any further attention; while they are of some interest as reflecting his reaction to past events in the light of his own times, they seem not to have attracted, either then or later, anything more than the barest notice. As literature they are practically negligible. We may dismiss them, then, and pass on to Howard's more important literary contributions.

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The poetry of Sir Robert Howard is neither extensive in quantity nor in any way unusual in quality. His principal contribution of this sort is the volume of collected verse published by Herringman in 1660, containing (1) *A Panegyrick to the King*; (2) *Songs and Sonnets*; (3) *The Blind Lady, a Comedy*; (4) *The Fourth Book of Virgil*; (5) *Statius his Achilleis, with Annotations*; and (6) *A Panegyrick to Generall Monck*. Howard has prefixed to this collection the conventional apology *To the Reader*, in which he urges that he himself "had not stock of confidence enough to show these things privately to many friends, much less to be furnished with enough, to make them public to all indifferent persons, had not the desire of the Book-seller [Herringman] prevailed" upon him to sanction their publication. We also learn that most of the verses had been written some time before. "For the several subjects which I here make one bundle, there is not any of them that have not layn by me these many years (two or three copies of verses only excepted)," the *Panegyrick to the King*, in particular, having been "written when the King deserved the Praise as much as now, but separated farther from the Power, which was about three years since, when I was a Prisoner in Windsor Castle."

This preface, then, is of some historical interest, although its tone savors a little of that mock humility, of that self-depreciation, not quite convincing as to its sincerity, which was characteristic of Howard.

There is another sort of preface to the 1660 collection which merits even closer attention. This is a set of verses "*To my honored Friend, Sir Robert Howard, on his Excellent Poems*," by "John Driden." Dryden pays sincere tribute to the man who had been and still was his patron and friend, and who was soon to be his brother-in-law.<sup>3</sup> A few excerpts from the verses in question will suffice to show their nature.

<sup>3</sup>Dryden married Lady Elizabeth Howard December 1, 1663. For a full discussion of the relations of Howard and Dryden see the latter part of this chapter, where the Dryden-Howard controversy is discussed.

So in your verse a native sweetness dwells,  
Which shames composure, and its art excels.<sup>4</sup>

And again,

— as when mighty rivers gently creep,  
Their even calmness does suppose them deep.  
Such is your Muse; no metaphor swelled high  
With dangerous boldness lifts her to the sky.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis strange each line so great a weight should bear,  
And yet no sign of toil, no sweat appear.

\* \* \* \* \*

But to write worthy things of worthy men  
Is the peculiar talent of your pen.

And finally,

This work, by merit first of fame secure,  
Is likewise happy in its geniture;  
For since 'tis born when Charles ascends the throne,  
It shares at once his fortune and its own.

This last bears particular reference to the *Panegyrick to the King*, which, though written some time before, proved to be a very timely tribute to Charles II, since it was first published during the very first year of the Restoration. Indeed, it would seem, as Dryden has it, that Howard's

..... Verse no lesse

The Prophet than the Poet doth confesse.

Dryden's tribute to Howard seems to have aroused the contempt of Scott to a considerable degree. "Those who may be induced" writes Scott, "to peruse the works of Sir Robert Howard by the high commendation here bestowed upon them, will have more reason to praise the gratitude of our author [Dryden] than the justice of his panegyric. They are productions of a most freezing mediocrity."<sup>5</sup> The then existing relations between Dryden and Howard would account for a possibly unmerited warmth of praise on the part of the former; in truth, though, while the verses in this collection are admittedly mediocre, they seem to me to deserve nothing worse than neglect—surely not open contempt.

It will hardly be necessary to present any full discussion of the individual poems in this collection. The two translations are good of their kind, the *Achilleis* of Statius being of special value because of the completeness and detail of the annotations. The songs and sonnets are conventional and rather poor. It is interesting to note, though, that Howard apologizes for this by urging, in the prefatory address, that "they were never directed

<sup>4</sup> Composure—careful composition. It may be noted that Dryden throughout praises rather the dignity and general worth of the verses than their artistic beauty.

<sup>5</sup> *The Works of John Dryden* (ed. Saintsbury, Edinburgh, 1882) vol. XI, p. 6.

to any particular Beauty, which may (to the Amorous Reader at least) be a just excuse, if they want Perfection, to remember I wanted Passion, and had only my own warmth, unassisted by the influence of a Mistress."<sup>6</sup> The two panegyrics are possibly a little more carefully composed, as to rhyme and meter, than are other of Howard's works. They are, however, over-fulsome in their flattery, and are marred by such platitudes as:

To fair days, storms succeed; to storms, the fair:  
 We know but what we are by what we were.  
 And Man's condition's valued more or less  
 By what he had, not what he does possess.  
 For no extremes could ever gain a height  
 From their own natures, but each other's weight.<sup>7</sup>

The remaining contribution included in this collection, *The Blind Lady*, may best be considered with other of Howard's plays, later on.

Finally, we may note briefly two other poetic offerings of Sir Robert's: the *Duel of the Stags*, written in 1668, and "an excellent poem 'against the Fear of Death'; which gained him a considerable degree of reputation."<sup>8</sup> Each of these possesses some merit of versification and of subject matter, the *Duel of the Stags*, in particular, a political poem, being marked by commendable vigor of expression.<sup>9</sup> This last poem was later satirized by Lord Buckhurst, in *The Duel of the Crabs*.<sup>10</sup>

As a poet, then, Sir Robert Howard was but ordinarily successful. His rhymes are far too often mechanical; his themes are treated conventionally, with little in their treatment to suggest originality or personality. He has, in short, produced no poems which entitle him to serious consideration, although there is in his work, as I have said, sufficient merit to render undeserved such caustic comment as that of Scott, or that of Theophilus Cibber, who writes: "The merit of this author seems to have been of a low rate, for very little is preserved concerning him, and none of his works are now read; nor is he ever mentioned, but when that circumstance of the Duke of Buckingham's intending to ridicule him, is talked of." And again, "had Sir Robert been a man of any parts, he had sufficient advan-

<sup>6</sup> If we may grant the sincerity, or rather, the truth of this statement, we have further evidence regarding the period of Howard's relations with Mrs. Uphill; these verses he claims to have written, at least in considerable part, "several years" before, but as they were published in 1660, it seems reasonable to assume that even up to that time he was "unassisted by the influence of a mistress." If such were the case, his relations with Mrs. Uphill would date from no earlier than 1660; and this is in accord with the other evidence already presented.

<sup>7</sup> From the *Panegyrick to the King*. Note the rhyme used in lines 5 and 6. Sight rhymes were Howard's particular weakness.

<sup>8</sup> Nichols *A Select Collection of Poems*, vol. I, p. 154, note.

<sup>9</sup> In the 1709 edition of *The Duel of the Stags* reappear the verses of Dryden which were originally prefixed to the 1660 collection of Howard's poems.

<sup>10</sup> *State Poems* (1699) Part I, p. 201.

tages from his birth and fortune to have made a figure, but the highest notice which he can claim in the republic of letters, is, that he was brother-in-law to Dryden."<sup>11</sup>

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As a playwright, Howard was both more successful and more popular than as a poet; yet most of his plays, too, bear the stigma of mediocrity, partly because of faulty, somewhat amateurish workmanship, partly because of his innate inability to do justice to really big, tensely dramatic scenes. Before criticising farther, however, let us review Howard's various dramatic productions in some detail.

Howard produced six plays, in all. Of these the first, *The Blind Lady*, appeared together with his poems, in the collection of 1660, as noted. The play is a crudely constructed, rather loosely organized comedy, in which the author evidently made some attempt to follow classical models, in the matter of observing the Unity of Time, and in having all real action take place off the stage, to be reported by various characters. The working out of the plot, however, leaves very much to be desired. The scenes succeed one another with bewildering rapidity—in the five acts there are twenty nine scenes, in all—and one is kept on the jump, from place to place, to such an extent that to keep adequate track of what is going on is to say the least difficult.

Mironault and Phylanter, two courtiers, are in love with the Princess Mirramente, who at first favors neither. Mironault is traduced to his King by Phylanter and, while visiting the Princess, is attacked by his jealous rival. Escaping with two firm friends, Hyppasus and Pysander, Mironault takes refuge in the house of Caeca, a blind lady—representing, of course, Fortune, the Blind Lady. Here Pysander, a bluff, rough-and-ready, quick witted soldier, takes the lead and, by making love simultaneously to Caeca and to her maid, Quinever, persuades them to order Caeca's tenants to fortify the house against Phylanter and his troops, who are pursuing Mironault. Meanwhile the Princess, who has fallen in love with Mironault in turn, hastens to Court to invoke the aid of the King to rescue her lover and to punish Phylanter. On the way she meets Amione, Mironault's sister, who is seeking to aid him, and the two girls join forces. The King, persuaded of Mironault's innocence of the charges against him, sends an army to rescue him, and, at her request, puts the Princess at the head of this army. Mironault and his followers, having temporarily repulsed Phylanter's forces, are rescued in time, and everything is brought to a speedy and happy conclusion. Phylanter, defeated, is repentant—indeed, he began to be repentant almost before he did anything to repent

<sup>11</sup> *Lives of the Poets* vol. III, p. 58.

of—and as he has, during the course of the action, fallen suddenly and deeply in love with Amione, her influence and the sympathetic kindness of the Princess win for him a hardly deserved forgiveness. Finally the Princess admits her love for Mironault, and all is well.

In addition to the too rapid shift of scene—as in Act III, where we jump from Caeca's house to Phylanter's camp, then back to the house, then to Phylanter's attacking position before the house—there are other serious defects in both plot and characterization. There are really two stories involved—the main plot, as above, and the comedy love affairs of Pysander, Caeca, and Quinever. The latter furnish some good rough fun,<sup>12</sup> but they are given altogether too much prominence. The result is that Mironault, the ostensible hero, is almost lost sight of during the latter part of the play. As a whole the plot is involved, the action irregular and too long drawn out, and the play unsatisfying. One feels that Mironault, who is well drawn at first, peters out; that Phylanter, while rather appealing in his recoil from his own villainy, is yet not guilty of anything very serious after all, and is certainly no villain; and lastly, that Phylanter's amazingly quick shift of affections from Miramente to Amione and the "made-to-order" fashion in which everything is satisfactorily adjusted are decidedly anti-climactic.

A word may be said here about the versification of *The Blind Lady*. Most of the play is written in rather poor blank verse, but at times—as in Act III, Scene 1, or in Act V, Scene 1—some use of rhyme is made. The quotation of a few lines from Act III, Scene 1, will show, I think, that here, as elsewhere, Howard's work is unsatisfactory.

To be still subject to calamities  
We all must bear, yet not esteem it hard.  
Our frailty sets this odds from higher powers,  
And their disorders are appeased by ours.  
It is a hard injunction of the gods  
To set our natures and ourselves at odds;  
When they afflict, though due unto our crimes,  
Yet they give to the nature that repines.  
Though if we use it well, none but they give  
That blessing, that we are displeased to live.  
'Twas life first cozened man, and did entice  
By knowledge its fair gift to cheat him twice;  
Man was a happy stranger to himself  
When he believed his ignorance his wealth.

*The Blind Lady*, then, can hardly be said to have been a success. Its workmanship is poor, its plot weak, and its characterization, with the possible exception of that of Pysander and of one or two of the minor figures, conventional and unconvincing.

<sup>12</sup> See Act III, Scene 1, Act IV, Scene 1, etc.

While it may be said, in extenuation of the faults found in *The Blind Lady*, that this was Howard's first play (so far as is known), he seems to have been only partially successful in overcoming these weaknesses later on, in the *Four New Plays*, published 1665, and in *The Great Favorite, or The Duke of Lerma*, published 1668, and combined with the 1665 edition into *Five New Plays*, 1692. In the edition of 1665 were contained: (1) *The Surprisal*, and (2) *The Committee*, both comedies; and (3) *The Indian Queen*, and (4) *The Vestal Virgin, or The Roman Ladies*, both tragedies. These four, with *The Blind Lady* and with Howard's later tragedy, *The Duke of Lerma*, make up the sum total of his contributions to dramatic literature. *The Committee* will be reserved for later treatment. *The Blind Lady* has already been sufficiently discussed. Let us examine with some care the other plays.

In the address *To the Reader* prefaced to the *Four New Plays* Howard excuses their publication on the same grounds as those he advanced in connection with his poems; to wit, "these follies were made public as much against my inclination as judgment. But being pursued with so many solicitations of Mr. Herringman's, and having received civilities from him if possible exceeding his importunities, I at last yielded to prefer that which he believed his interest, before that which I apprehended my own disadvantage." It may well be, however, that the real reason for Howard's putting the plays into print lay in his being accused by certain of his contemporaries of plagiarism. This charge was made, we shall see, with reference to *The Duke of Lerma*, and may have been made regarding *The Vestal Virgin*.<sup>13</sup> Whatever the cause, the publication of Howard's plays was justified by the undoubted merit of *The Indian Queen* and *The Committee*, whatever the defects of the other two plays.

*The Surprisal*, a conventional comedy of intrigue, is better constructed than is *The Blind Lady*, but is yet hardly worthy of much attention. Pepys saw it several times, and had little good to say of it. On April 8, 1667 he saw "the end of the Surprisall, wherein was no great matter," according to his opinion. Again on August 6 of the same year, he comments: ". . . saw The Surprisall, a very mean play, I thought; or else it was because I was out of humor, and but very little company in the

<sup>13</sup> Langbaine (*English Dramatic Poets*, p. 276), after praising Sir Robert as "one whose plays will remain eternal testimonies to posterity of his skill in dramatic performances," adds: "Some readers, who are strangers to the excellent talents of Sir Robert, might expect from me some discoveries of what he has borrowed; but I am to inform them that this admirable poet has too great a stock of wit of his own, to be necessitated to borrow from others." This particular statement is made prefatory to a comment upon the originality of *The Vestal Virgin*.

That there was some talk of plagiarism with reference to Sir Robert's works would appear from a part of the Clerk's affidavit in *The Sullen Lovers*, Act III, Scene 1: "I do likewise attest that he is no purloiner of other men's works, the general fame and opinion notwithstanding."

house." This last comment would indicate, too, that the play was not very popular among the theatre-goers of the time. Pepys saw the play again on December 26, 1667, remarking that it "did not please me today, the actors not pleasing me."<sup>14</sup> There is one other reference given, under date of May 1, 1668, when Pepys "saw the Surprisall," but no comment is made. Geneste characterizes the play as "on the whole a moderate piece."<sup>15</sup> While our judgment can but coincide with his, I think, yet we may well examine the play itself more carefully.

As to plot, we are at the outset plunged into a maze of complications. Miranzo, returning from travel, finds that his rich uncle, Castruccio, is about to marry a young girl, one Emilia, the alliance having been arranged through Emilia's father. Miranzo's sister, Samira, is also in trouble, her lover, Cialto, having lost his fortune through the trickery of the recently deceased father of one Brancadoro, a foppish but rich youth. Cialto refuses to see Samira, now that he is poor, and she is in despair, especially since Castruccio plans to marry her off to Brancadoro, despite her contempt for the little fool and her steadfast love for Cialto. Finally, lest there be too few complications, enters one Villeroto, a renegade soldier who has been cashiered through the influence of Cialto, and who very naturally hates the latter. Villeroto works on the fears of Brancadoro, who is a craven as well as a fop, and makes him fear Cialto, whom he knows to be in love with Samira; as a result Brancadoro is persuaded to hire Villeroto and some fellow ruffians to kill Cialto.

In endeavoring to straighten matters out and to prevent the marriage of his uncle, lest that mean the loss of his own and his sister's source of income, Miranzo meets and falls in love with Emilia. By threatening to kill himself unless she will return his love, he frightens her into delaying the wedding, and Samira, who was at the same time to have wed Brancadoro, flees to a nunnery, whither Emilia later follows her. On the way both girls are captured by Villeroto, who is lying in wait to kill Cialto; they are threatened with ruin, have all sorts of trouble, and are finally rescued by Miranzo, who gets in touch with them by disguising himself as a friar. Then Brancadoro, Castruccio, and the others, who have sought the girls, in vain, at the nunnery, come up, and matters are quickly straightened out. Brancadoro is frightened into restoring Cialto's estate and, Gastruccio proving reasonable, Miranzo and Emilia, and Cialto and his Samira, are left happy.

In the main, the weaknesses in this play are those which were noted in connection with *The Blind Lady*. The plot is less tenuous, although even

<sup>14</sup> All of the quotations are from Pepys' *Diary*.

<sup>15</sup> *Some Account of the English Stage* (Bath, 1832) vol. I, p. 56.

more complicated and even less easy to follow. The characterization is rather better handled, Miranzo and Villeroto, as hero and villain, being fairly well drawn. The women, though, are unconvincing; Cialto, with his jealousy and his too quickly aroused suspicions, is a very unappealing lover; and Brancadoro is overdrawn. The general impression one gets of the play is that the workmanship is still amateurish, and the plot too slight.

In conclusion, it may be noted that barring an occasional couplet—and these in addition to the couplets with which, in practically all of his plays, Howard ends his scenes—*The Surprisal* is written throughout in blank verse. There is some improvement noticeable over the work done in *The Blind Lady*, although, as the following quotation will show, there is much still to be hoped for.

Cialto. Why do I still pursue, what still must fly,  
And what I dare not wish to overtake?

It seems like the pursuit of night, which follows day  
In the same track, and yet can never reach it.  
That distance nature did for them decree,  
And honor has designed the same for me.  
Yet still there is a mutiny within,  
Against those laws which honor strictly makes;  
And passion like a cunning traitor sets  
The name of liberty on its own rebellion.<sup>16</sup>

Leaving *The Surprisal*, then, we may pass on to a consideration of *The Vestal Virgin, or The Roman Ladies*, a play which would hardly deserve mention were it not for one or two unusual features in its construction. It will be best, I think, to confine our attention to these features, since the story itself is even more complicated and of even less real value than those already discussed. Suffice it to say that there are three distinct love affairs involved—that of Tiridates, an Armenian captive of Rome, for Hersilia, daughter of a Roman Senator; that of Sertorius, late a general, for Hersilia, and later for Marcellina, her cousin; and that of Artabaces, an Armenian prince and brother to Tiridates, for Virginia, a Vestal Virgin, sister to Hersilia and cousin to Marcellina. The action centers around these couples and the efforts of Sulpitius, brother to Sertorius, to get Hersilia for himself. His efforts call in the aid of Mutius, a braggart and pseudo fire-eater, and involve all sorts of deep and dark devices, including even setting fire to the house of Emilius, the girls' father, in an effort to spirit Hersilia away in the confusion.

It is in the matter of extricating his characters from their difficulties that Howard has adopted a device which is unusual, and is worth attention.

<sup>16</sup> Act V, Scene 1. Note the couplet, lines 5 and 6. Howard has a habit of inserting these couplets without much reason. In *The Duke of Lerma*, especially, blank verse and rhyme are often combined apparently at random. See page 30.

He planned the play as a tragedy, showing an amazing bloodthirstiness in the way in which he killed off all of his characters except Sulpitius, who is being led to trial and probable death as the play ends. Later, however, perhaps feeling that the play was too unpleasant in that guise, Howard wrote an alternative comedy ending. This device is commented upon by both Ward<sup>17</sup> and Langbaine,<sup>18</sup> both of whom compare the play in this respect to Suckling's *Aglaura*. In all honesty it must be admitted that the comedy version is but little more pleasing than the tragedy. In the comedy *no* one dies—not even Sulpitius, who certainly deserves it. Moreover, the comedy ending accords ill with the rest of the play, and is as flat and anti-climactic as the tragedy is melodramatic and over-gory.

*The Vestal Virgin* differs from Howard's other plays, also, in that it is written almost entirely in rhyme. The abundance of sight rhymes, however, and Sir Robert's fondness for inserting platitudinous bits of moralizing tend to detract materially from any interest one is likely to feel in the story itself or in the versification. I quote a few lines from Act II, Scene 1, as examples of the sort of work Howard has done here.

Love cannot, like the winds it helps, convey  
To fill two sails, though both are spread one way.

And

Designs that hit should be as swift as aim;  
They should go quicker off. Powder not dry  
Does seldom hit, but makes the soul more shy.

And this, from Act III, Scene 1:

But our unsteady actions cannot be  
Managed by rules of strict philosophy.  
There is but part belongs unto our care;  
Fortune has right, and title to a share.

There is, to my mind, but one really outstanding character in *The Vestal Virgin*; and that one is, strangely enough, the "second villain," as we might call him—Mutius, Sulpitius's tool. Mutius is a blustering, yet cowardly braggart who, in the face of really serious crime, discovers some elements of manhood yet stirring in his breast. He is an unlovely specimen, it is true; yet I think he is better drawn than are even Sertorius, Sulpitius, and Atar-baces, all of whom fail to register very strong or definite impressions upon the reader. Of the women, Samira is fairly convincing, but Virginia is little more than a lay figure.

Finally, except for the inclusion of a few Roman names, such as that of the Tiber, Numa's grove, the Flavian Bridge, etc., there is little to suggest

<sup>17</sup> *English Dramatic Literature* (London, 1899) vol. III, p. 394.

<sup>18</sup> *English Dramatic Poets* vol. I, p. 58.

that *The Vestal Virgin* is what it purports to be, a play dealing with the Romans. It may be that, as Geneste points out, Howard was "superlatively ignorant of Roman manners."<sup>19</sup> At any rate realistic Roman atmosphere is conspicuous for its entire absence.

If, then, we were to judge Howard, the dramatist, solely by the plays already considered, we would be very likely to agree with Scott, that his plays "were tolerated—on account of the rank, gallantry, and loyalty of the author."<sup>20</sup> Even Scott, however, makes an exception in the case of *The Committee*, and most other critics are willing to grant almost equal merit to *The Indian Queen*, which we shall next consider.

It is not my intention here to accord *The Indian Queen* as full treatment as that given the preceding plays. This action is taken, not because *The Indian Queen* is not, in itself, worthy of even closer study than are they—for it is in many respects superior to them—but because it is only in part the work of Howard, and even more because, as will be noted later, no way has yet been found by which to distinguish just what parts Howard himself wrote. While the play, then, is classed as Howard's—as one of his best, indeed—we may confine our present attention to a consideration of those features of its construction and production which seem to have a direct bearing on the present discussion.

There are, we find, about this tragedy, a number of very interesting points. In the first place, written as it was in heroic verse, it may be said to have been practically the first English heroic play. It is thus spoken of by Ward,<sup>21</sup> and Nettleton agrees, that with this play and especially with Dryden's sequel, *The Indian Emperor*, "rhymed heroic tragedy came into full being."<sup>22</sup> In the second place, *The Indian Queen* is distinguished in that in its composition Howard had at least the advice and counsel, very probably the actual collaboration, of Dryden. There has been considerable controversy as to what part each had in writing the play. Scott champions Dryden, as always, pointing out that the character Montezuma is a prototype of Dryden's Almanzor, of *The Conquest of Granada*; that there are resemblances between Zempoalla in *The Indian Queen* and Nourmahal in *Aureng-zebe*; and finally that the language in *The Indian Queen* has "greater ease and a readier flow of verse" than are Sir Robert's. "The versification of this piece, which is far more harmonious than that generally used by Howard, shows evidently, that our author [Dryden] had assiduously corrected the whole play, though it may be difficult to say how much of it was

<sup>19</sup> *English Stage* vol. I, p. 58.

<sup>20</sup> *Dryden's Works* vol. II, p. 225; preface to *The Indian Queen*.

<sup>21</sup> *Cambridge History of English Literature* vol. VIII, p. 23.

<sup>22</sup> *English Drama of the Restoration and the 18th Century* (New York, 1914) p. 55.

written by him."<sup>23</sup> Another critic agrees with Scott that "the shortcomings in versification of part of this play . . . suggest that it was submitted by him [Howard] for revision to Dryden, whose superior skill in the handling of the couplet he freely confessed."<sup>24</sup> However, as the same critic points out elsewhere, the extent to which the two men collaborated must remain undecided, "at all events till a verse test shall have been perfected for application to our Restoration dramatists."<sup>25</sup> Dr. Johnson, also, notes that "the parts which either of them wrote are not distinguished,"<sup>26</sup> and with that we may dismiss the matter. Perhaps, though, it may well be pointed out here that for some reason Dryden's share in the writing of *The Indian Queen* was not generally known until, in 1665, he published what he intended as a sequel to this play, namely, *The Indian Emperor*. The preface to this latter play offers evidence on this point and at the same time presents an interesting comment upon the earlier work. "The conclusion of *The Indian Queen* (part of which poem was writ by me)," writes Dryden, "left little matter for another story to be built on, there remaining but two of the considerable characters alive; viz., Montezuma and Orazia."<sup>27</sup> Saintsbury adds: "The good Sir Robert had indeed heaped the stage with dead in his last act in a manner which must have confirmed any French critic who saw or read the play in his belief of the blood-thirstiness of the English drama."<sup>28</sup> Nor was this the first time that Howard had done this; for, as we have already pointed out, this very same device of wholesale slaughter is utilized in the original or tragic version of *The Vestal Virgin*.

That *The Indian Queen* was decidedly successful has been generally attributed to the magnificent scenic accessories and to the appeal which lay "in the remoteness and consequent strangeness of scene"<sup>29</sup> (among the Incas, in Peru) than to the heroic verse or to the exclusion of comic scenes from the tragedy. Both Pepys and Evelyn saw the play. The former writes: ". . . in the way observing the street full of coaches at the new play, 'The Indian Queen'; which for show, they say, exceeds 'Henry the Eighth.'"<sup>30</sup> Apparently he did not see the play until a few days later, for on February 1, he mentions seeing ". . . the King, coming the other day to his theatre to see 'The Indian Queen' (which he commends for a very fine thing) . . ." Possibly as a result of this evidence of royal favor, Pepys, on the same day, took his wife to the King's Theatre "and there saw 'The

<sup>23</sup> Dryden's Works vol. I, p. 69.

<sup>24</sup> Ward is the critic here; the reference is the same as (21), p. 26.

<sup>25</sup> English Dramatic Literature vol. III, p. 348.

<sup>26</sup> Lives of the English Poets (ed. Hill, Oxford, 1905) vol. I, p. 336.

<sup>27</sup> Scott Dryden's Works vol. II, p. 321.

<sup>28</sup> English Men of Letters (ed. Morley, London, 1907) vol. I, p. 42.

<sup>29</sup> Ward, in Cambridge History of English Literature, vol. III, p. 23.

<sup>30</sup> Diary Jan. 27, 1664.

Indian Queen' acted; which indeed," he says, "is a most pleasant show and beyond my expectation; the play good; but spoiled with the rhyme, which breaks the sense." Evelyn is likewise favorably impressed. The play is, he says, "a tragedy so well written, so beautiful with rich scenes as the like had never been seen here, or haply (except rarely) elsewhere on a mercenary theatre."<sup>31</sup> Both Langbaine<sup>32</sup> and Jacob<sup>33</sup> comment upon the "great applause" with which the play was greeted, the latter adding that it has since "been converted to an opera and been represented with the like success." Finally, Geneste writes: "—this is completely a heroic tragedy, unnatural, but never dull—Zempoalla, the Indian Queen, is a good acting character."<sup>34</sup>

So much, then, for the contemporary and, to some extent, the later opinions on this play of Howard's. It must be admitted that present day readers will find in it little to interest them; furthermore the unevenness of the verse, the extravagance which marks much of the diction, and the wholesale butchering of the characters would tend to make our reaction a negative rather than a positive one. Nevertheless, *The Indian Queen* must be ranked as a successful play of its day, and as one of the most important of Howard's works.

There now remains for our consideration in this chapter Howard's last play,<sup>35</sup> *The Great Favorite, or The Duke of Lerma*, printed in 1668. Attention has already been called to the fact that Howard was accused of plagiarism in connection with this play.<sup>36</sup> It is evident that these charges were directly responsible for the publication of the play and for Howard's explanation, in the prefatory address, of how he "came accidentally to write it." A play called the Duke of Lerma was brought to the King's company, says Howard, and "I was desired to peruse it, and return my opinion, whether I thought it fit for the stage. After I had read it I acquainted them, that in my judgment it would not be of much use for such a design, since the contrivance scarce would merit the name of a plot; and some of that assisted by a disguise; and it ended abruptly." For these and other reasons Howard considered the play "unfit to be presented by any that had a respect, not only to Princes, but indeed to either man or woman;" but

<sup>31</sup> *Diary* Jan. 5, 1664.

<sup>32</sup> *English Dramatic Poets*, p. 276.

<sup>33</sup> *The Political Register* vol. I, p. 142.

<sup>34</sup> *Some Account of the English Stage* vol. I, p. 57.

<sup>35</sup> According to W. Carew Hazlitt [*A Manual for the Collector and Amateur of Old English Plays* (London, 1892) p. 47] a tragedy with the title "The Conquest of China" appears to have been written by Sir Robert Howard, and was intended to be revised by Dryden. It was never either acted or printed, however, and is now probably lost. This is the play, also, which Dryden planned to revise "at the expense of six weeks' work."

See also Dryden's letter of September, 1697, "to his Sons at Rome."

<sup>36</sup> See page 22.

since Howard himself was "about that time, being to go into the country," he was "persuaded by Mr. Hart" [probably the actor] to make it his diversion there "that so great a hint might not be lost, as the Duke of Lerma saving himself, in his last extremity, by his unexpected disguise."<sup>37</sup> This device, continues Howard, "is as well in the true story as in the old play; and besides that and the names, my altering the most part of his characters, and the whole design, made me uncapable to use much more; though perhaps written with higher style and thoughts than I could attain to." Dryden comments upon this apology of Howard's in a rather sarcastic vein: ". . . having so much altered and beautified it [the play in question], as he has done it can justly belong to none but him. Indeed, they must be extremely ignorant as well as envious, who would rob him of that honor; for you see him putting in his claim to it even in the first two lines."<sup>38</sup> The fact that the *Defence*, in which this statement of Dryden's appeared, was in itself an answer to this very preface of Howard's to *The Duke of Lerma*,<sup>39</sup> accounts for the tone Dryden adopts, and for the slighting reference to "the first two lines."

Dismissing, however, this question of authorship, we find that in *The Duke of Lerma* Howard has at last succeeded in working out a well-knit, direct, yet tensely dramatic plot; one that is at once gratifyingly free from the annoying side issues and complications so common in his earlier plays, and is at the same time well worth more than a passing glance, because of its positive merits.

The Duke of Lerma, out of favor at court, is in sore straits financially, and is, moreover, in imminent danger of banishment from court. The King (of Spain), however, who is ill when the play opens, dies soon after, and the Queen, even more Lerma's enemy than was the King, also dies, under suspicious circumstances. This brings to the throne Philip II, an easy-going, rather weak-willed youth, malleable, open to influence, and in most ways lacking in anything resembling kingly firmness and wisdom. Lerma sees his chance. He persuades his daughter, Maria, to win the favor of Philip, live with him as his mistress, and thus bring about her father's restoration to favor. Despite virtuous scruples, Maria consents, and the plan succeeds. Lerma, once more in power, seeks vengeance against his foes, especially against his Uncle, the Duke of Medina. Lerma also amasses considerable

<sup>37</sup> See Act V, Scene 2.

<sup>38</sup> *A Defence of an Essay of Dramatic Poesy*. See *An English Garner* (ed. Arber) vol. VII, p. 116.

<sup>39</sup> The *Defence* and the preface to *The Duke of Lerma* are two of the documents involved in the Dryden-Howard controversy. Howard's first two lines in *The Duke of Lerma* are in blank verse; hence Dryden's comment. This whole matter will be discussed in the latter part of the present chapter.

wealth, as do his tools, and through one of the latter, a friar whom Lerma makes Archbishop of Toledo, he [Lerma] is appointed a cardinal. Soon, however, Maria, repenting of her action, endeavors to stand between her father's plots and her uncle and the other conspirators; and later even runs away from court. Philip, deprived of her influence, is soon brought over to the side of Lerma's enemies, and the downfall of the Duke is imminent. He is summoned to trial for the murder of the late Queen, Medina having found out that he was instrumental in bringing about her death. He finally saves himself, in this last extremity, by appearing at the trial in his cardinal's habit—on the supposition, of course, that as a cardinal he cannot be tried. He states that he has made arrangements to retire to a monastery of his own, laughs at his enemies, and goes out; and thus the play ends. Maria, about to go into a convent, is persuaded that the good of the State demands that she marry Philip, as he vows never to marry anyone else.

That this plot is comparatively simple is evident. There is included practically nothing that is irrelevant. The scenes are well handled, some of them being grippingly dramatic. The action does not lag, nor is the plot spun out too long. All in all, from the standpoint of plot, then, *The Duke of Lerma* is a very fair production, and far superior to any of Howard's earlier work.

In characterization, also, Howard has here achieved happier results. Lerma, with his coolly calculated schemes, his deliberate villainy, and his consistent freedom from any too annoying conscientious scruples, is almost refreshing. He is convincing, and, I think, rather appealing despite his wickedness. Maria, torn between father love and her sense of honor, is convincing, if not very strong. And at least one other character, the Duke of Medina, is very well drawn. Straightforward, direct, scorning intrigues and plots, yet working always for his country's good, he makes an admirable foil for Lerma, and is about as good as bit of characterization as I have been able to find in Howard's work so far mentioned.

In the matter of versification, however, *The Duke of Lerma* is something of a puzzle. Howard has here combined blank verse with rhyme, apparently without any definite reason therefor.<sup>40</sup> In several places, for instance,<sup>41</sup> he switches to verse where there has been no evident increase in the tension of the scene, nor any other cause which would seem to account for his action. Again, while most of the verse is in heroic couplets, and the blank verse in iambic pentameters, there is included a Masque<sup>42</sup> in which Howard

<sup>40</sup> See the preface to *The Duke of Lerma*, and see also the discussion of this use of rhyme and blank verse together which is included in the matter relating to the Dryden-Howard controversy.

<sup>41</sup> See Act II, Scene 2; Act III, Scene 2; Act IV, Scene 2; and Act V, Scene 2.

<sup>42</sup> Act IV, Scene 1.

uses partly iambic tetrameter and partly an alternation of these with lambic pentameter. The point is, not that any of these arrangements are unusual, but that there seems to be no system in their use, no plan behind it all. Lastly, in single speeches we sometimes find what would today, no doubt, be called free verse. For example, this, from Act IV, Scene 1:

*Medina.* This is the likest thing  
To virtue I ever saw.  
Besides, had she been vicious,  
She would not have neglected her revenge,  
One of the pleasantest lust ill women have.  
All may be counterfeit—and yet—  
There may be such a thing as a good woman.

Whether Howard's controversy with Dryden had left him rather in doubt as to what his own practices in versification should be, or whether he was simply experimenting, I do not know. But in all events, meritorious though the play be in other respects, in this it leaves one both perplexed and somewhat annoyed, even irritated, at Howard's lack of consistency.

*The Duke of Lerma*, then, because of its vigorous, stirring action, its very fair characterization, and its direct, strong, well-knit plot, is deserving of considerable praise. It is, I think, only slightly inferior to *The Indian Queen*, and is in some ways superior to *The Committee*, although the two plays are of such different sorts that comparisons are difficult. Certainly, at any rate, Howard has, in *The Duke of Lerma*, made great strides in dramatic technique since his production of *The Blind Lady*, *The Vestal Virgin*, and *The Surprisal*, and the later play is a far more finished production than any of these three. Also it is readable, even now—something which the others are not.

Before leaving this subject, we may note one or two comments upon the play. Ward declares that it is “not devoid of merit, but it is chiefly interesting as a protest (only a partial protest, however) on Howard's part against the theories of dramatic versification advocated by Dryden.” And again, “its action, though undoubtedly crude in treatment, is interesting and stirring.”<sup>43</sup> And Pepys—for of course Pepys saw the play—offers his contribution thus; “The play designed to reproach our king with his mistresses, that I was troubled for it, and expected it should be interrupted; but it all ended well, which solved all. The play a well-writ and good play, only its design I did not like of reproaching the King; but altogether a very good and most serious play.”<sup>44</sup> And with that we may leave it.

We have now finished our scrutiny of the individual plays of Sir Robert Howard, (with the exception of *The Committee*), and are ready to consider

<sup>43</sup> *English Dramatic Literature* vol. III, p. 394.

<sup>44</sup> Diary February 20, 1668.

the various facts of the Dryden-Howard controversy. It may seem that this discussion should have preceded, instead of following, what has gone before; it may be pointed out, however, that the controversy is of more interest intrinsically than in connection with Howard's plays, and, further, that only in *The Duke of Lerma* did there appear to be any noticeable effect of the discussion upon Sir Robert's own methods of composition. He combined rhymed and blank verse in most of his plays, even in those which were undeniably "serious"; and in *The Duke of Lerma* itself, as will be noted again later, he did not confine himself to the practice of what he was so assiduously preaching. Indeed, the parts of this play which are in rhyme are declared by Ward to be "among some of the most important passages in it."<sup>45</sup> We may, then, review the controversy independently, first sketching the argument itself, as developed by various stages, and then commenting upon certain extraneous features involved.

Stripped of all personalities, the history of the Dryden-Howard controversy is as follows. In 1664 Dryden included in the *Dedicatory Epistle* to his *The Rival Ladies* certain arguments advanced to show that rhyme was more suitable than blank verse, for dramatic purposes.<sup>46</sup> Having defended "writing scenes in verse" as "not so much a new way amongst us, as an old way new revived," Dryden proceeds to refute the charges made against rhyme. He admits that at times, where the writer has an insufficient command of English, rhyme is inconvenient, in that it leads to unnatural word order, etc. But, he urges, "this is the only inconvenience with which rhyme can be charged. This is that, which makes them say, 'Rhyme is not natural.' It being only so, when the poet either makes a vicious choice of words; or places them, for rhyme's sake, so unnaturally, as no man would, in ordinary speaking. But when 'tis so judiciously ordered, that the first word in the verse seems to beget the second; and that, the next; till that becomes the last word in the line, which, in the negligence of prose, would be so; it must, then, be granted rhyme has all advantages of prose, besides its own." Finally, Dryden urges on behalf of rhyme certain specific advantages gained from its use; namely, "the help it brings to memory"; its use in repartee, in that "the sudden smartness of the answer, and the sweetness of the rhyme set off the beauty of each other"; and, last and most important, "that benefit, which I consider most in it, . . . that it bounds and circumscribes the fancy."

To these arguments of Dryden's Sir Robert Howard took exception, in his *Preface to Four New Plays*, 1665. Howard, first voicing his disapproval of the English tragi-comedies of his time, on the ground that they did not

<sup>45</sup> *English Dramatic Literature* vol. III, p. 395.

<sup>46</sup> The complete set of documents in this matter (i. e., regarding the whole controversy) will be found in Arber's *English Garner*, vol. VII, pp. 23-134 inclusive.

follow the ancient models (i. e., Seneca, Terence, and Plautus) but were guilty of "mingling and interweaving mirth and sadness, through the whole course of their plays," takes up for specific discussion the question, "Whether verse in rhyme, or verse without the sound, which may be called Blank Verse, (though a hard expression) is to be preferred?" In general, he says, "they are both proper; that is, one for a play, the other for a poem or copy of verses; as blank verse being as much too low for one as rhyme is unnatural for the other." A play is presented as the present effect of accidents not thought of, and hence rhyme, which should be premeditated, is unnatural to a play. This is particularly true when "a piece of verse is made up by one who knew not what the other meant to say; and the former verse answered as perfectly in sound as the last is supplied in measure." The point that rhyme circumscribes the fancy Howard dismisses as irrelevant, for "the dispute is not which way a man may write best in, but which is most proper for the subject he writes upon." Finally, he urges, "Nor are great thoughts more adorned by verse, than verse un beautified by mean ones. So that verse seems not only unfit in the best use of it, but much more in the worst, when 'a servant is called,' or 'a door is bid to be shut' in rhyme."<sup>47</sup>

It was this attack of Howard's which called forth the *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, 1668, in which Dryden presents, through Crites, all of the arguments advanced by Howard, and refutes them through Neander. It will hardly be necessary here to review in much detail this essay of Dryden's; it is too well known, for one thing, and the general position of the two men has already been sufficiently outlined. Suffice it to say that Crites defends the classical Unities, and again urges that rhyme is not fit for tragedy, in that it cannot express great thoughts naturally, or low ones, well. In fact, the points made are precisely those advanced by Howard in his *Preface*. Neander then replies, though, as he says, "with all imaginable respect and deference both to that person [i. e., Howard] from whom you [i. e., Crites] have borrowed your strongest arguments; and to whose judgment, when I have said all, I finally submit." Dryden's refutation here may well be summed up in his opening paragraph: "But before I proceed to answer your objections, I must first remember you, that I exclude all comedy from my defence; and next, that I deny not but that blank verse, may be also used; and content myself only to assert that *in serious plays*, where the subject

<sup>47</sup> It may be well to add here Howard's apology for his own rather inconsistent practises. "But while I give these arguments against verse, I may seem faulty, that I have not only writ ill ones, but writ any. But since it was the fashion, I was resolved, as in all indifferent things, not to appear singular; the danger of the vanity being greater than the error. And therefore, I followed it as a fashion, though very far off." Crites and Neander are Howard and Dryden, respectively.

and characters are great, and the plot unmixed with mirth . . . , rhyme is there, as natural, and more effectual than blank verse." Ward quotes Ker as pointing out that the *Essay on Dramatic Poesy* might be summed up in Dryden's triplet in the *Prologue to Secret Love* (1667):<sup>48</sup>

The Unities of Action, Place, and Time,  
The Scenes unbroken, and a mingled chime  
Of Jonson's manner and Corneille's rhyme.

It is not too much to say that here the real argument, as such, ceases, for the later stages of the discussion are but little more than reiterations of the previous assertions, added to but by no means graced by considerable personal recrimination. In order better to understand these later developments it will be well first to retrace our steps briefly.

At the time of the publication of *The Rival Ladies*, 1664, Dryden was already under some obligations to Howard<sup>49</sup> and further, he had but the year before married Lady Elizabeth Howard, Sir Robert's sister. It would appear that this marriage, however, was not a happy one, perhaps because "his wife was, it is said, ill-tempered and not overburdened with brains, and he himself was no more a model of conjugal propriety than most of his associates."<sup>50</sup> Whatever the truth of this matter, the point to be noted is that there developed between the two men a coolness which was due in the main to Howard's attitude of patronizing superciliousness, but which may have been caused in part by Dryden's marital infelicity and consequent irritation. We may here resume our survey of the controversy from a new angle, looking upon it as largely an interchange of personalities.

Scott<sup>51</sup> and Christie,<sup>52</sup> as well as some critics of Dryden's own time, have insisted upon considering the whole Dryden-Howard affair as a personal quarrel. Such would seem hardly to have been the case at first, for there

<sup>48</sup> Cambridge History of English Literature vol. VIII, p. 27, note.

<sup>49</sup> There is ample evidence that Howard befriended Dryden during the latter's early years —later, too, for that matter. We may note Dryden's letter to Howard, prefixed to *Annus Mirabilis* (1667): "I am so many ways obliged to you, and so little able to return your favors that, like those who owe too much, I can only live by getting farther into your debt. You have not only been careful of my fortune, which was the effect of your nobleness, but you have been solicitous of my reputation, which was that of your kindness."

Note also these lines, from Shadwell's *The Medal of John Bayes*, with reference to Dryden:

"Then by th' assistance of a noble knight,  
Th' hadst plenty, ease, and liberty to write.  
First like a gentleman he made thee live;  
And on his bounty thou didst amply thrive."

<sup>50</sup> Saintsbury, in *English Men of Letters*, vol. I, p. 23.

<sup>51</sup> Dryden's Works vol. I, p. 84.

<sup>52</sup> *The Poetical Works of John Dryden* (Globe edition, London, 1907) introduction, p. xxvii.

is nothing of an unpleasantly personal nature in Howard's first *Preface*, and in the *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* itself Dryden characterized his opponent (as Crites) as "a person of sharp judgment, and somewhat too delicate a taste in wit, which the world have mistaken in him for ill-nature"—surely no very harsh criticism. Dryden, then, seems not to have looked upon the discussion as a personal matter. As for Howard, the only point at which he, personally, could cavil was a statement in Dryden's letter to Lord Buckhurst (preceding the *Essay*), to the effect that "none are very violent against it [rhymed verse] but those who either have not attempted it, or who have succeeded ill in their attempt." And this censure, Howard writes in the *Preface* to *The Duke of Lerma*, "as to myself and him, I easily acknowledge; for I confess none has written, in that way, better than himself; nor few worse than I."

If, then, the quarrel may be said to have been personal, it was so during only its later stages, and the real fault lay in Howard's adopting, in his reply to the *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* (Howard's preface to *The Duke of Lerma*), "the air of a person to whom, as a statesman and public man, the points in dispute are mere trifles," and in his pretending to stoop, with patronizing condescension, "to a discussion with one to whom, as a mere *litterateur*, such matters are of importance."<sup>53</sup> Scott is even stronger in his condemnation of Howard's attitude here, characterizing it as "supercilious censure," and urging that "the whole tone of the preface is that of one who wished to have it supposed that he was writing concerning a subject rather beneath his notice, and only felt himself called forth to do so by the dogmatism of those who laid down confident rules or laws in matters so trifling."<sup>54</sup> This tone, by the way, seems to have been one which Howard was rather too prone to adopt on various occasions. In this instance it brought down upon his head a crushing reply, in the *Defence of An Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, prefaced to the second edition of *The Indian Emperor*, 1668. This was the final document of the controversy.

In the *Defence* the seriously critical part deals with Howard's attacks on the employment of rhyme in tragedy, on the observance of strict rules in dramatic composition, and on the observance of the Unities. It is of more interest to us, however, that in this *Defence* Dryden also "ridicules what Shadwell had ridiculed before in *The Sullen Lovers*, Howard's cox-combical affectation of universal knowledge," and that he "mercilessly exposes his ignorance of Latin, and the uncouthness of his English."<sup>54</sup> "It would be difficult" writes Scott, "to point out deeper contempt and irony, couched under language so temperate, cold, and outwardly respectful."<sup>55</sup> This esti-

<sup>53</sup> J. C. Collins, in Arber's *An English Garner* vol. VII, Introduction, p. xix.

<sup>54</sup> Dryden's Works vol. II, p. 290.

<sup>55</sup> The same.

mate seems somewhat too harsh, especially in view of the last two paragraphs of the *Defence* itself, in which Dryden goes far toward making amends for anything which he may have said to offend Howard. "But I lay my observation at his feet, as I do my pen, which I have often employed, willingly, in his deserved commendations; and, now, most unwillingly, against his judgment. For his person and parts, I honor them, as much as any man living; and have had so many particular obligations to him, that I should be very ungrateful, if I did not acknowledge them to the world." Then follows Dryden's own account of the whole controversy, as follows:

"But I gave the first occasion of this Difference in Opinions. In my *Epistle Dedicatory*, before my *Rival Ladies*, I said somewhat in behalf of verse; which he was pleased to answer in his *Prologue* to his *Plays*. That occasioned my reply in my *Essay*; and that reply begot his rejoinder in his *Prologue* to *The Duke of Lerma*. But, as I was the last to take up arms, I will be the first to lay them down. For what I have here written, I submit it wholly to him; and, if I do not hereafter answer what may be objected to this paper, I hope the World will not impute it to any other reason, than only the due respect which I have for so noble an opponent."

So far as Dryden and Howard were concerned, this closed the matter. Before noting a later development of the controversy, however, we may point out that not only was Howard inconsistent in his observance of his own precepts,<sup>56</sup> but even Dryden himself abandoned, but a few years later, "the way of writing plays in verse, which I have seemed to favor; I have," he continues,<sup>57</sup> "since that time, laid the practice of it aside till I have more leisure, because I fine it troublesome and slow. But I am no way altered from my opinion of it, at least, with any reasons which have opposed it."

I have mentioned a later development of the Dryden-Howard controversy. Pepys, writing on September 20, 1668, speaks of having "since church heard the boy read over Dryden's Reply to Sir Robert Howard's answer, about his essay of Poesy, and a letter in answer to that; the last whereof is mighty silly, in behalf of Howard."<sup>58</sup> This letter purports to be a defense of Howard and an attack on Dryden, and is signed "R. F.," which

<sup>56</sup> The point has already been made (p. 30) that even in *The Duke of Lerma* Howard not only used rhyme, but used it for some of the most important scenes. "I will not... pretend to say," he writes in the address preceding this play, "why I write this play, some scenes in blank verse, others in rhyme, since I have no better reason to give than chance, which waited upon my present fancy."

<sup>57</sup> Dedicatory Letter to Lord Buckhurst, preceding the *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*. The *Essay* was written in 1665, and was printed in 1668. Apparently the change took place between these dates.

<sup>58</sup> *Diary*.

some have taken to indicate that it was written by Richard Flecknoe.<sup>59</sup> The letter is not only "mighty silly," as Pepys had it, but is also both dull and puerile. It may be dismissed without further consideration.

There was at least one other echo of the Dryden-Howard affair which may be mentioned. In 1663 Dryden's *The Wild Gallant* was offered to the theatre-going public, but it was not successful, despite the patronage of Lady Castlemaine, even of Charles II himself. In a *Session of the Poets* (c. 1670) there appears the following, with reference to the play and to Dryden and Howard and their controversy.

Sir Robert Howard, called for over and over,  
At length sent in Teague with a packet of news,  
Wherein the sad knight, to his grief did discover  
How Dryden had lately robbed him of his Muse.

Each man in the court was pleased with the theft,  
Which made the whole family swear and rant;  
Desiring, their Robin in the lurch being left,  
The thief might be punished for his 'Wild Gallant.'<sup>60</sup>

And again, we have Captain Radcliffe's *News from Hell*, in which are listed the poets who are

.....damn'd above;  
They're damn'd on earth by th' present age,  
Damn'd in cabals, and damn'd o' th' stage.

Among these he lists Sir Robert Howard, as "A seventh," calling him damned because

.....he'd rather choose  
To spoil his verse than tire his Muse.  
Nor will he let heroics chime;  
Fancy (quoth he) is lost by rhyme;  
And he that's us'd to clashing swords  
Should not delight in sound of words.  
Mars with Mercury should not mingle;  
Great warriors should speak big, not jingle.<sup>61</sup>

So much, then, for the Dryden-Howard controversy—a controversy which waxed unduly warm at times, perhaps, and in which, perhaps, the opponents forsook to some slight extent that dignity which should have been theirs; yet a controversy which set for a time the style of rhymed

<sup>59</sup> For a full discussion of this "Letter from a gentleman to the Honorable Ed. Howard, Esq., occasioned by a Civilized Epistle of Mr. Dryden's before his Second Edition of his Indian Emperor," see the article by one Peter Cunningham, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, December 1850, p. 597, under title of "Dryden's Quarrel with Flecknoe."

<sup>60</sup> Scott *Dryden's Works* vol. I, p. 68.

<sup>61</sup> Nichols, J. A. *Select Collection of Poems* vol. I, p. 145, note.

heroic tragedies in England, which gave to us the *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, and which was the prime factor in rendering Sir Robert Howard of any real importance in the history of English literature.

We have now completed our survey of the life of Sir Robert Howard; we have considered what information was available concerning his political and social activities and his importance, in the light of these activities, in the life of his times; and have examined with some care all of his known contributions to literature except the one play, *The Committee*, which has been reserved for individual treatment in detail. We have seen that, socially and politically, Howard was by no means a negligible factor in his own day; that he was an able and successful diplomat and statesman, of high birth, a worthy member of an illustrious family; that he was a zealous, courageous, and uniformly loyal supporter of his King—and that his devotion seems to have been suitably rewarded. We have noted that what faults he may have had of arrogance, opinionated obstinacy perhaps, and conceit, were counterbalanced by his generosity, his genuine kindness and sympathy. And finally we have accorded to him that place in literature—an unimportant one, perhaps, yet still a place—to which, largely by virtue of his relations with Dryden, but partly at least because of definite merits in his own productions, he is entitled.

## CHAPTER III

### “THE COMMITTEE” AND “TEAGUE”: HISTORY AND CRITICISM

*The Committee* was by all odds the most successful of Sir Robert Howard's six plays; it was, moreover, the only one to achieve anything like lasting popularity. It appeared in print first in 1665, in Howard's *Four New Plays*, although it was undoubtedly acted some years before that.<sup>1</sup> After 1665 it was reprinted, either alone or with other of Howard's plays, in 1692, 1710, 1722, and 1733; and it was included in Bell's *British Theatre* and in similar collections under dates of 1775, 1776, 1790, 1791, 1797, and 1811. As evidence of another sort we have notices<sup>2</sup> of *The Committee* having been acted in the Haymarket in 1706; in Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1732; in Covent Garden in 1749; and in Drury Lane in 1720, 1742, 1760, 1778, and 1788. Among the lists of actors and actresses are such as Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Leigh, Mrs. Woffington, and Miss Pope; and Lacy, Wilks, Cibber, Miller, Barrington, and Moody—an array of talent which, in itself, would bespeak considerable merit in the vehicle in which they appeared.

Sufficient proof has been advanced to show that *The Committee* not only struck the popular fancy in Howard's own day but also succeeded in remaining more or less of a stock favorite for over a century.<sup>3</sup> The secret of this long continued popularity may, I think, be said to lie in the fact that it made a very specific appeal to Restoration audiences in that it is a sort of double-barrelled satire against the Puritans; it satirizes their piety, their mannerisms, and their customs quite in the manner so popular at the time, and it further pillories with biting irony the activities of the Roundhead Covenanters and Committees of Sequestration, any attack upon whom was sure to please the Restoration theatre-goers. This point will need further exposition; we may first, however, repeat: that to this contemporaneous

<sup>1</sup> Evelyn saw *The Committee* on November 27, 1662 (see *Diary*) and Pepys saw it on June 12, 1663, as well as later (see *Diary*). Their comments will be given later on.

<sup>2</sup> See Geneste *Some account of the English Stage* vols. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6.

<sup>3</sup> As an additional point here, we note that an adaptation of *The Committee*, under the title of *The Honest Thieves*, was written by Thomas Knight, and "was acted at Covent Garden on May 9, 1797" with such success that it "became a stock play." (*Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. X, p. 61.) Baker's *Biographica Dramatica* (ed. Stephen Jones, London, 1812) vol. II, p. 308, mentions this adaptation. "The abridgment has been judiciously made, and the farce is still frequently performed."

*The Honest Thieves* is contained in the collection, *The London Stage*, vol. I. It is readable, though not highly entertaining.

appeal, and to the fact that one of the characters (Teague) in *The Committee* proved to be a favorite acting vehicle for some of the best comedians of the period and a favorite likewise with their audiences, rather than to any superiority of dramatic technique, may be attributed the placing of this play, by Howard's contemporaries and by later critics, on a level above that attained to by his other plays.

The better to understand the appeal *The Committee* made at the time of its appearance, we may review briefly some of the historical events pertaining thereto.

In 1643, writes Macaulay,<sup>4</sup> "while the event of the war [the Civil Wars] was still doubtful, the Houses . . . had required all men to subscribe that renowned instrument known by the name of the Solemn League and Covenant [not to be confused with the Scottish National Covenant of 1638]." The real aim of this Covenant was to get the people of England and Scotland "to uphold the true Protestant religion in the Church of Scotland, to reform religion in the Church of England according to the example of the best reformed churches, . . . . ."<sup>5</sup> but in effect it naturally soon became a powerful weapon whereby the Roundheads might wreak vengeance upon their Royalist enemies. Macaulay continues: "Covenanting work, as it was called, went on fast. Hundreds of thousands affixed their names to the rolls, and, with hands lifted up toward heaven, swore to endeavor, without respect of persons, the extirpation of Popery and Prelacy, heresy and schism, and to bring to public trial and condign punishment all who should hinder the reformation of religion. When the struggle was over [i. e., the war] the work of innovation and revenge was pushed on with increased ardor. . . . Fines, often of ruinous amount, were laid on the Royalists, already impoverished by large aids furnished to the King. Many estates were confiscated. Large domains, belonging to the crown, to the bishops, and to the chapters, were seized, and either granted away or put up at auction. In consequence of these spoliations a great part of the soil of England was at once offered for sale. As money was scarce, as the market was glutted, as the title was insecure, and as the awe inspired by powerful bidders prevented free competition, the prices were often merely nominal. Thus many old and honorable families disappeared and were heard of no more; and many new men rose rapidly to affluence."<sup>6</sup> Further, with specific practice of sequestration, we find that: "Besides certain royalists altogether exempted from pardon [i.e., for Papacy], others were forced to compound for their 'delinquency,' either by complete forfeiture of their

<sup>4</sup> *History of England* vol. I, pp. 137-138.

<sup>5</sup> Montague, F. C. in *The Political History of England, 1603-1660* (ed. Hunt & Poole, London, 1911) vol. VII, p. 290.

<sup>6</sup> *History of England* vol. VII, p. 290 (see note 4).

estates, or, more generally, by 'sequestration.' In the latter case the estates were seized by the State, whence they could be recovered by their original owners only by yielding from a sixth to a half of their value."<sup>7</sup> Nor was this all. On June 26, 1657, Parliament passed against the "popish recusants" a bill requiring that all suspected Papists appear and take oath of abjuration against the Pope, transubstantiation, purgatory, etc., or forfeit two-thirds of their estates to the Protector. The estates could not be transferred to their wives or children; further, if a Protestant married a recusant he became one also. This was, it will be noted, a severer sort of sequestration than that provided for by the Covenant of 1643; and it further stipulated that any one who had once been sequestered could not take the oath of abjuration until he had been for six months a constant attendant at Church or at a Christian meeting allowed by public authority.<sup>8</sup>

No further evidence will be necessary to show that any play which, during the Restoration, attacked such practices as these was bound to be successful. As for *The Committee's* being a general satire against the Puritans, in that respect it was much more conventional, and in accord with the work of other writers. It will hardly be necessary here to review the relations of the Puritans to the stage, nor the frequency with which, from the days of Elizabeth on, they were humorously or cruelly burlesqued by English writers. In this regard *The Committee* merely follows a well established precedent; its distinction lies in its political rather than in its social satire.

From the standpoint of dramatic technique, *The Committee* has been characterized as "unadorned with any brilliancy of either thought or language,"<sup>9</sup> as having "no great merit as to the writing,"<sup>10</sup> and as "a curious

<sup>7</sup> Cross, A. L. *A History of England and Greater Britain* (New York, 1914) p. 500.

<sup>8</sup> Firth, C. H. *The Last Years of the Protectorate* (London, 1909) vol. I, pp. 74 ff. The same writer gives (p. 79, note 4) some interesting figures. "On the revenue derived from the recusants, see the Calender of the Committee for Compounding, 1, p. xxi; 5, p. xxxii. A list of recusants under sequestration in 1655 shows that they numbered 1582 persons (*ibid.*, 1, 741). In the revenue for 1658-9 there is an entry, 'By Receivers General arising chiefly by Papists' and Delinquents' estates, £54,087, 5s., 9d.' "

<sup>9</sup> It may be well to append here, however, a partial list of plays in which Puritans figured as objects of mirth and ridicule. Chapman's *An Humorous Day's Mirth*, 1599; Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* (at least one reference; II, 3), 1601; the anonymous satire, *The Puritan*, 1607; Middleton's *The Family of Love*, and *A Mad World*, both in 1608; Jonson's *The Alchemist*, and, especially, *Bartholomew Fair* (acted 1610 and 1614 respectively).

About Howard's own time we have Samuel Butler's famous burlesque, *Hudibras*, 1663; Lacy's *The Old Troop*, 1668; and such plays as Crowne's *City Politics*, 1673, and Mrs. Behn's *The Roundheads*, 1682. There were, of course, a host of other plays of this sort, both before and after *The Committee*.

<sup>10</sup> Bell's *British Theatre* (London, 1791) introduction to *The Committee*, in vol. 20.

<sup>11</sup> Baker's *Biographia Dramatica* vol. II, p. 308.

picture, or rather, caricature, of the manners of the later Commonwealth period, drawn by a hostile hand, . . . in which . . . the attack is made after so coarse a fashion that the edge of the satire is blunted."<sup>12</sup> The story concerns the efforts made by a Mr. Day, Chairman of a puritanical Committee of Sequestration, and his socially ambitious wife, to acquire riches and power by any means available. Mr. Day, spurred on by his wife (who is the better man of the two), uses his position to accomplish the sequestration of the estates of two Irish Cavaliers, Blunt and Careless; he and his wife further scheme to secure, by underhand methods, the estates of two Irish orphans—Ruth, who has been adopted by them and supposes herself to be their daughter, and Arbella, said to be a rich Irish heiress, who has been brought over to England by Mrs. Day to be put under the wardship of Day. Mrs. Day plans to force Arbella, later, to marry Abel, the Days' foolish, sheepish, rather simple son. As the text itself is here appended, it will not be necessary to relate the developments of the plot in detail. Suffice it to point out that both the Committee and the Days are foiled; the girls discover the plot to marry Abel to Arbella, and have much amusement at the former's expense, while the two Cavaliers, having refused to "take the Covenant" in order to secure their estates, and having gotten into considerable trouble thereby, finally outwit their opponents. Incidentally a dual love affair is developed, and the play ends happily. Arbella keeps her estate and marries Blunt; Ruth gets back her estate and gives her hand to Careless, also furnishing the five hundred pounds demanded by the Committee as the price of returning the sequestered estates of the two Cavaliers. And finally, a general feast is planned to celebrate the double marriage of the Cavalier party, and the Days are prevailed upon to take part in the rejoicing.

The principal intrinsic merit of *The Committee* lies, as has been pointed out, in the characterization, particularly in that of Teague, Careless's Irish footman. Teague is of sufficient importance to be considered separately, but attention may here be called to one or two of the other characters. Mr. Day, the rascally Chairman, is presented as "a vile kind of Tartuffe,"<sup>13</sup> sneaking, hypocritical, and a coward except when in power. The character is not, however, very skilfully drawn. His wife, Mrs. Day, is much better; she is, next to Teague, the most interesting type in the play. She is arrogant, ambitious, selfish, and unscrupulous, but she is also energetic and is possessed of a powerful will. In all, she is a vigorous, well drawn character, positive rather than negative, a good bit of work. Of the other characters,

<sup>12</sup> Ward *English Dramatic Literature* vol. III, p. 393.

<sup>13</sup> Ward *English Dramatic Literature*, vol. III, p. 393, note.

Abel, the conceited fool, and Obadiah,<sup>14</sup> the self-important, weighty functionary who is secretary to the Committee, are used largely as vehicles for the conveyance of the writer's ridicule. They are of minor importance to the action, and they are not original as characters. Ruth and Arbella and the two Cavalier lovers, Blunt and Careless, may be dismissed as conventional, though fairly well drawn. The two men are sufficiently typified in their names.<sup>15</sup> And that brings us to a consideration of the one outstandingly successful character in *The Committee*—Teague.

In reserving Teague for individual attention, it is not my purpose to discuss in any detail the influence he had, as a type, upon later plays. That has already been done elsewhere.<sup>16</sup> The purpose here is to sketch the development of the character by Howard and to present evidence supporting the contention that *The Committee* owed its popularity, in large measure, to the excellence of this one character.

On the first point, Howard's development of the character of Teague, we have first an authentic account of the circumstances which led Sir Robert to include such a type in his play at all.<sup>17</sup> “When Sir Robert was in Ireland, his son was imprisoned here [i. e., in England] by the Parliament for some

<sup>14</sup> Macaulay (*History of England*, vol. III, p. 328-329) gives us an interesting side-light on *Obadiah*. It seems that during the reign of James II, *Obadiah Walker*, head of Oxford, “had turned University College into a Roman Catholic Seminary. Christ Church was governed by a Roman Catholic dean. Mass was said daily in both colleges.—The undergraduates, with the connivance of those over them, hooted the members of Walker's congregation, and chanted under his window's such ditties as:

‘Old Obadiah  
Sings Ave Maria’—

When the actors came down to Oxford, the public feeling was expressed still more strongly. *Howard's Committee* was performed. This play . . . exhibited the Puritans in an odious light and had therefore been, during a quarter of a century, a favorite with Oxonian audiences. It was now a greater favorite than ever; for, by a lucky coincidence, one of the most conspicuous characters was an old hypocrite named Obadiah. The audience shouted with delight when, in the last scene, Obadiah was dragged in with a halter round his neck; and the acclamations redoubled when one of the players, departing from the written text of the comedy, proclaimed that Obadiah should be hanged because he had changed his religion. The King was much provoked by this insult.”

<sup>15</sup> For some further information concerning the characters in *The Committee*, and for a very clear account of the story of the play in detail, see *A Companion to the Theatre &c.* (printed for J. Nourse, London, 1747) vol. I, pp. 56-62.

<sup>16</sup> See Tellenbach Rob. *Howard's Comedy “The Committee” &c.*, Zurich, 1913. Tellenbach makes the point that Sir Robert was the first to present the poor Irish exile in a better light—i. e., with sympathy rather than with ridicule. Also, relations are traced between Howard's Teague and the following: Shadwell's Teague O'Divelly, in both *The Lancashire Witches* and *The Amorous Bigot*, Farquhar's Teague in both *The Twin Rivals* and *The Beaux' Stratagem*.

<sup>17</sup> The account itself is contained in *Some Anecdotes of the Howard Family*, by C. Howard; p. 111. As I was unable to secure this book, I took the given quotation from Baker's *Biographia Dramatica* vol. II, pp. 114-115.

offence committed against them. As soon as Sir Robert heard of it, he sent one of his domestics (an Irishman) to England, with dispatches to his friends, in order to secure the enlargement of his son. He waited with great impatience for the return of this messenger; and when he at length appeared, with the agreeable news that his son was at liberty, Sir Robert, finding that he had been several days in Dublin, asked him the reason of his not coming to him before. The honest Hibernian answered, with great exultation, that he had been all the time spreading the news, and getting drunk for joy among his friends. He, in fact, executed his business with uncommon fidelity and dispatch; but the extraordinary effect, which the happy event of his embassy had on poor Paddy, was too great to suffer him to think with any degree of prudence of anything else. The excess of his joy was such that he forgot the impatience and anxiety of a tender parent; and until he gave that sufficient vent among all his intimates, he never thought of imparting the news there where it was most wanted and desired. From this Sir Robert took the first hint of that odd composition of fidelity and blunders which he has so humorously worked up in the character of Teague."

It seems to me that "odd composition of fidelity and blunders" is in itself a fairly complete characterization of Teague. He is throughout loyal to Careless, his new master, as he had been to his old. But he is, withal, so wanting in tact of any sort, so prone to do the undiplomatic thing, that he is continually getting his master and himself into hot water. For instance, while he undertakes various missions for the benefit of the latter, and carries them out with some shrewdness, yet witness his very literal "taking of the Covenant" from the bookseller (Act II, Sc. 1); his insolent behavior toward the Committeemen, in the same Act, and toward Mrs. Day in Act III, Sc. 2. All in all, though, Teague is a rather likable fellow, and furnishes some very good fun, especially in his scenes with Obadiah, whom he makes drunk and then causes to sing and to take snuff in honor of the King. (See Act IV. Sc. 2, for this; see also Act V, Sc. 7.)

Another factor which was largely instrumental in the success of *The Committee* was that the part of Teague seems to have appealed strongly to such actors as Lacy, Moody, and others of the most famous comedians of Howard's time. Lacy, in particular, was highly successful in the rôle. Downes, speaking of Lacy's acting in *The Rehearsal*, writes:

For his just acting, all gave him due praise,  
His part in *The Cheats*, *Tony Thump*, *Teg*, and *Bayes*,  
In these four excelling; the Court gave him the Bays.<sup>18</sup>

This last may perhaps refer to the fact that Charles II so liked Lacy's work

<sup>18</sup> *Roscius Anglicanus* p. 23.

that he had his portrait painted showing him in three of his most famous rôles: as Teague, in *The Committee*; as Scruple, in *The Cheats*; and as Gal-liard, in *The Variety*. Evelyn writes (*Diary*, November 27, 1662): ". . . saw acted *The Committee*, a ridiculous play of Sir Robert Howard, where the mimic, Lacy, acted the Irish footman to perfection." And Pepys offers several similar comments: ". . . saw *The Committee*, a merry but indifferent play, only Lacy's part, an Irish footman, is beyond imagination."<sup>19</sup> And again, ". . . saw '*The Committee*,' which I went to with some prejudice, not liking it before, but I now find it a very good play, and a great deal of good invention in it; but Lacy's part is so well performed that it would set off anything."<sup>20</sup> We have also one more reference from Pepys, under date of October 28, 1667, where he speaks of *The Committee* as "a play I like well."

In concluding our consideration of the character Teague, we may note that practically all of the available criticism is favorable, even Howard's harshest critics, Scott and Theophilus Cibber, falling into line. Scott writes: "The Committee, alone, of Howard's plays kept possession of the stage till our time; and that solely supported by the humors of Teague, an honest, blundering Irish footman, such as we usually see in a modern farce."<sup>21</sup> And Cibber, speaking also of *The Committee*, notes that "this comedy is often acted, and the success of it chiefly depends upon the part of Teague being well performed."<sup>22</sup> In view of all this eulogy, it is interesting to note that Teague is not included among the *dramatis personae* in either the 1665 or the 1710 editions of *The Committee*. Apparently Howard builded better than he knew. The edition of 1776, of *The English Theatre*, contains a picture of Moody as Teague and Mr. Parsons as Obadiah, in the scene in Act IV, Scene 2; in the Bell's *British Theatre* edition of 1792 there is a picture of Abel, Ruth, and Arbella, from Act IV, Scene 3, and a picture of a Mr. Rock as Teague.

Finally we may present Baker's estimate:<sup>23</sup> ". . . from the drollery of the character of Teague, and the strong picture of absurd fanaticism mingled with indecent pride, drawn in those of Mr. Day, Mrs. Day, and Abel, it had, long after every spark of party fire, as to that part of English history, was absolutely extinct, established itself as a standard acting comedy, and always gave pleasure in the representation."

In conclusion, then, we may say that *The Committee*, while inferior perhaps to *The Duke of Lerma*, is yet deservedly the best known of Howard's literary productions; and that, next to the Dryden-Howard controversy,

<sup>19</sup> *Diary* June 12, 1663.

<sup>20</sup> *Diary* August 13, 1667.

<sup>21</sup> *Dryden's Works* vol. II, p. 225.

<sup>22</sup> *Lives of the Poets* vo. III, p. 59.

<sup>23</sup> *Biographia Dramatica* vol. II, p. 115.

it did most to perpetuate his name in literary history. It has a reasonably well-constructed plot, and while it might better have been cut short of the conventional five acts, it is successful in holding the interest of the reader. The humor is a bit coarse, at times, but is of a higher grade than that found in many plays of the period; and it is, withal, real humor. While *The Committee* lacks, for us today, much of the appeal which in its own time it derived from its playing up of contemporary history, we are bound, I think, to agree with our old friend Pepys, that, take it all in all, it is "a good play."

## TEXT OF "THE COMMITTEE"

### INTRODUCTORY NOTE

I have used for reproduction here the text of *The Committee* found in *The New English Theatre*, London, 1776, volume 5, since in this text are indicated (a) those passages which were omitted in the representation of the play at the theatres, and (b) the passages which were added at the theatres. The edition of 1792 (Bell, 1797; see 3 below) also distinguishes the lines omitted in the representation, but it is rather unsatisfactory for use in the present instance since many of these lines which were not acted have been entirely omitted by Bell; furthermore, the lines which were *added* by the theatres, while included by Bell, are not distinguished from the rest of the text.

In the text which follows I have modernized the spelling, punctuation, and capitalization throughout, making no note of the changes made except where such changes materially alter the original reading. I have also:

- (a) *Set off by quotation marks* those passages which "were omitted in the representation at the theatres" (see page 54, lines 11 to 16).
- (b) *Set off by parentheses* the "additions made at the theatres" (see page 57, lines 19 to 22).
- (c) *Set off by brackets and italics* all *interlinear* stage directions, and by *italics alone* all *other* stage directions.
- (d) *Explained by textual notes* (see pp. 119-126) all variations not covered by (a), (b), and (c), above.

With the text of 1776 I have collated the following:

- (1) The text of 1665, contained in *Four New Plays*; the title-page of the edition bears the notation that the four plays are printed "As they were Acted by His MAJESTIES/Servants at the Theatre-Royal."
- (2) The separate edition of 1710, printed "As it is Acted at the THEATRE-ROYAL,/by her/MAJESTY'S SERVANTS."
- (3) The edition of 1792, in Bell's *British Theatre*, London, 1797, volume 20. This edition is marked "Adapted for/Theatrical Representation,/ as performed at the Theatres Royal,/Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden./regulated from the Prompt-books,/By Permission of the Managers."

# THE COMMITTEE:

or, the  
Faithful Irishman.

## A COMEDY.

Written by the Honorable  
SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

Marked with the Variations in the  
MANAGER'S BOOK,

at the  
THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE.



LONDON:  
Printed for T. Lowndes; T. Caslon;  
W. Nicoll; and S. Bladon.  
M.DCC.LXXVI

## Dramatis Personae, 1776.

DRURY-LANE.<sup>1</sup>

## M E N

Colonel Careless.....	Mr. Brereton <sup>2</sup>
Colonel Blunt.....	Mr. Aickin
Lieutenant Story.....	Mr. Fawcet
Nehemiah Catch <sup>3</sup> .....	Mr. Waldron
Joseph Blemish	
Johathan Headstrong	
Ezekiel Scrape	
}	
Committee Men	
Mr. Day, the Chairman to the Committee.....	Mr. Baddely
Abel, Son to Mr. Day.....	Mr. Burton
Obadiah, Clerk to the Committee.....	Mr. Parsons
Teague, with Songs <sup>4</sup> .....	Mr. Moody
Tavern-Boy.....	Mr. Evarard
Bailiff <sup>5</sup> .....	Mr. Griffith
Soldier <sup>6</sup> .....	Mr. Blanchard
Two Chair-Men.....	Mr. Heath, &c.
Gaol-Keeper.....	Mr. Kear
Servant to Mr. Day	
A Stage Coachman	
Bookseller.....	Mr. Carpenter
Porter <sup>7</sup> .....	Mr. Wrighten

## W O M E N

Mrs. Arbella.....	Miss Jarratt
Mrs. Day.....	Mrs. Bradshaw
Mrs. Ruth.....	Mrs. King
Mrs. Chat .....	Mrs. Cartwright

<sup>1</sup> 1792 edition (*hereafter called Bell*) is also marked "Drury Lane;" the same cast is given as above, except for the substitution of Miss Pope for Mrs. King, as "Mrs. Ruth."

<sup>2</sup> No players' names given, 1665, 1710.

<sup>3</sup> All other editions include Nehemiah Catch as one of the Committee Men (i.e., in the curved bracket).

<sup>4</sup> Omitted entirely, 1665, 1710; "with Songs" omitted, Bell.

<sup>5</sup> Bayliffs, 1665.

<sup>6</sup> Souldiers, 1665; Soldiers, 1710.

<sup>7</sup> Omitted, 1665, 1710.

## P R O L O G U E

To cheat the most judicious eyes, there be  
Ways in all trades, but this of poetry.  
Your tradesman shows his wares by some false light,  
To hide the faults and slightness from your sight;

5 Nay, though 'tis full of bracks, he'll boldly swear  
'Tis excellent, and so help off his ware.  
He'll rule your judgment by his confidence,  
Which in a poet you'd call impudence;  
Nay, if the world afford the like again,

10 He swears he'll give it to you for nothing then.  
Those are words too a poet dares not say;  
Let it be good or bad, you're sure to pay.  
. . . Would 'twere a pen'worth; . . . but in this you are  
Abler to judge, than he that made the ware.

15 However, his design was well enough,  
He tried to show some newer-fashioned stuff.  
Not that the name COMMITTEE can be new;  
That has been too well-known to most of you.  
But you may smile, for you have passed your doom;

20 The poet dares not, his is still to come.

# THE COMMITTEE

## A C T I

### SCENE I

*Enter MRS. DAY, brushing her hoods and scarfs; MRS. ARBELLA, MRS. RUTH, COLONEL BLUNT, and a STAGECOACHMAN.*

MRS. D: Now out upon't, how dusty 'tis! All things considered, 'tis better travelling in the winter; especially for us of the better sort, that ride in coaches. And yet, to say truth, warm weather is both pleasant and comfortable; 'tis a thousand pities that fair weather

5 should do any hurt.—Well said, honest coachman, thou hast done thy part. My son ABEL paid for my place at *Reading*, did he not?

COACH: Yes, an't please you.

MRS. D: Well, there's something extraordinary, to make thee drink.

COACH: [Aside] By my whip, 'tis a groat of more than ordinary 10 thinness.—Plague on this new gentry, how liberal they are.—Farewell, young mistress; farewell, gentlemen. Pray, when you come by *Reading*, let TOBY carry you. [Exit COACHMAN.]

MRS. D: Why how now, Mrs. ARBELLA? What, sad? Why, what's the matter?

15 ARB: I am not very sad.

MRS. D: Nay, by my honor, you need not; if you knew as much as I. Well—I'll tell you one thing; you are well enough; you need not fear, whoever does; say I told you so,—if you do not hurt yourself; for as cunning as he is, and let him be as cunning as he will, I can see 20 with half an eye, that my son ABEL means to take care of you in your composition, and will needs have you his guest. RUTH and you shall be bed-fellows. I warrant that same ABEL many and many a time will wish his sister's place; or else his father ne'er got him. Though I say it, that should not say it, yet I do say it—'tis a notable fellow—,

25 ARB: [Aside] I am fallen into strange hands, if they prove as busy as her tongue—

MRS. D: And now you talk of this same ABEL, I tell you but one thing; I wonder that neither he nor my husband's honor's chief clerk, OBADIAH, is not here ready to attend me. I dare warrant my 30 son ABEL has been here two hours before us. 'Tis the veriest princox;

he will ever be a-gallopping; and yet he is not full one and twenty, for all his appearances. He never stole this trick of galloping; his father was just such another before him, and would gallop with the best of 'em. He and Mrs. BUSY's husband were counted the best horsemen

5 in *Reading*—ay, and *Berkshire* to boot. I have rode formerly behind Mrs. BUSY, but in truth I cannot now endure to travel but in a coach. My own was at present in disorder, and so I was fain to shift in this; but I warrant you, if his honor, Mr. DAY, chairman of the honorable committee of sequestrations, should know that his wife rode in a

10 stage-coach, he would make the house too hot for some.— [To the Colonel] Why, how is't with you, sir? What, weary of your journey? COL. B: [Aside] Her tongue will never tire.—So many, mistress, riding in the coach, has a little distempered me with heat.

MRS. D: So many, sir? Why, there were but six.—What would

15 you say if I should tell you that I was one of the eleven that travelled at one time in one coach?

COL. B: [Aside] Oh the devil! I have given her a new theme.

MRS. D: Why, I'll tell you—Can you guess how 'twas?

COL. B: Not I, truly. But 'tis no matter, I do believe it.

20 MRS. D: Look you, thus it was. There was, in the first place, myself,—and my husband, I should have said first; but his honor would have pardoned me, if he had heard me—Mr. BUSY, that I told you of, and his wife; the MAYOR of *Reading* and his wife; and this RUTH that you see there, in one of our laps.—But now, where do you think

25 the rest were?

COL. B: A top o' th' coach, sure.

MRS. D: Nay, I durst swear you would never guess.—Why—, would you think it; I had two growing in my belly, Mrs. BUSY one in hers, and Mrs. MAYORESS of *Reading* a chopping boy, as it proved

30 afterwards, in hers; as like the father as if it had been spit out of his mouth. And if he had come out of his mouth, he had come out of as honest a man's mouth as any in forty miles of the head of him; for would you think it, at the very same time, when this same RUTH was sick, it being the first time the girl was ever coached, the good man—

35 Mr. MAYOR, I mean, that I spoke of—held his hat for the girl to ease her stomach in.

*Enter ABEL and OBADIAH.*

—Oh, are you come! Long looked for comes at last. “What,—you have a slow set pace, as well as your hasty scribble, sometimes.”

40 Did you not think it fit that I should have found attendance ready for me when I alighted?

OB: I ask your honor's pardon, for I do profess unto your ladyship

I had attended sooner, but that his young honor, Mr. ABEL, demurred me by his delays.

MRS. D: Well, son ABEL, you must be obeyed, and I partly, if not quite, guess your business; providing for the entertainment 5 of one I have in my eye. Read her and take her. Ah, is't not so?

ABEL: I have not been deficient in my care, forsooth.

MRS. D: Will you never leave your forsooths? Art thou not ashamed to let the clerk carry himself better, and show more breeding, than his master's son?

10 ABEL: If it please your honor, I have some business for your more private ear.

MRS. D: Very well.

RUTH: What a lamentable condition has this gentleman been in! Faith, I pity him.

15 ARB: Are you so apt to pity men?

RUTH: Yes, men that are humoursome, as I would children—that are foward. I would not make them cry a-purpose.

ARB: Well, I like his humour. I dare swear he's plain and honest.

RUTH: Plain enough, of all conscience. Faith, I'll speak to him.

20 ARB: Nay, prithee don't. He'll think thee rude.

RUTH: Why, then I'll think him an ass.—How is't after your journey, sir?

COL. B: Why, I am worse after it.

RUTH: Do you love riding in a coach, sir?

25 COL. B: No, forsooth, nor talking after riding in a coach.

RUTH: I should be loath to interrupt your meditations, sir; we may have the fruits hereafter.

COL. B: If you have, they shall break loose spite of my teeth.

—[Aside] This spawn is as bad as the great pike.

30 ARB: Prithee, peace! Sir, we wish you all happiness.

COL. B: And quiet, good sweet ladies.—I like her well enough. —Now would not I have her say anything more, for fear she should jeer, too, and spoil my good opinion. If 'twere possible I would think well of one woman.

35 MRS. D: Come, Mrs. ARBELLA, 'tis as I told you, ABEL has done it; say no more. Take her by the hand, ABEL. I profess, she may venture to take thee, for better, for worse. Come, Mistress, the honorable committee will sit suddenly. Come, let's along. Farewell, sir. [Exeunt all but COL. BLUNT]

40 COL. B: How! The committee ready to sit! Plague on their honors—for so my honored lady, that was one of the eleven, was pleased to call 'em. I had like to have come a day after the fair.

'Tis pretty, that such as I have been, must compound for their having been rascals. Well, I must go look for a lodging, and a solicitor. I'll find the arrantest rogue I can, too; for, according to the old saying, set a thief to catch a thief.

5       *Enter COLONEL CARELESS and LIEUTENANT STORY*

COL. C: Dear BLUNT, well met. When came you man?

COL. B: Dear CARELESS, I did not think to have met thee so suddenly. Lieutenant, your servant. I am landed just now, man.

COL. C: Thou speakest as if thou hadst been at sea.

10      COL. B: It's pretty well guessed. I have been in a storm.

"COL. C: What business brought thee?"

"COL. B: May be the same with yours: I am come to compound with their honors."

"COL. C: That's my business, too. Why, the committee sits  
15     suddenly."

"COL. B: Yes, I know it; I heard so in the storm I told thee of."

COL. C: What storm, man?

COL. B: Why, a tempest, as high as ever blew from woman's breath. I have rode in a stage-coach, wedged in with half a dozen;

20      one of them was a committee-man's wife; his name is DAY, and she accordingly will be called Your Honor, and Your Ladyship, "with a tongue that wags as much faster than all other women's as, in the several motions of a watch, the hand of the minute moves faster than that of the hour." There was her daughter, too; but a bastard,

25      without question, for she had no resemblance to the rest of the notched rascals; and very pretty, and had wit enough to jeer a man in prosperity to death.—There was another gentlewoman, and she was handsome; nay, very handsome; but I kept her from being as bad as the rest.

30      COL. C: Prithee how, man?

COL. B: Why, she began with two or three good words, and I desired her she would be quiet while she was well.

COL. C: Thou wert not so mad!

35      COL. B: I had been mad, if I had not.—But when we came to our journey's end, there met us two such formal and stately rascals that yet pretended religion and open rebellion ever painted. They were the hopes and guide of the honorable family; viz., the eldest son and the chiefest clerk, rogues—and hereby hangs a tale.—This gentlewoman I told thee I kept civil, by desiring her to say nothing,

40      is a rich heiress of one that died in the king's service, and left his estate under sequestration. This young chicken has this kite snatched up, and designs her for this, her eldest rascal.

COL. C: What a dull fellow wert thou, not to make love, and rescue her.

COL. B: I'll woo no woman.

COL. C: Wouldst thou have them court thee? A soldier, and not  
5 love a siege!—

*Enter TEAGUE.*

—How now, who art thou?

TEAG: A poor *Irishman*, and Heaven save me, and save you all your three faces. I prithee give me a thirteen, "gad mastero."

10 COL. C: A thirteen? I see thou wouldst not lose anything for want of asking.

(TEAG: I can't afford it.)

COL. C: Here, I am pretty near; there's sixpence for thy confidence.

15 TEAG: By my troth, it is too little. (Give me another sixpence-half-penny, and I'll drink your healths.)

COL. C: "Troth, like enough." How long hast thou been in *England*?

TEAG: Ever since I came here, (and longer, too,) faith.

COL. C: That's true. What hast thou done since thou camest into  
*England*?

20 TEAG: Served Heaven and Saint *Patrick*, and my good sweet king, and my good sweet master; yes, indeed.

COL. C: And what dost thou do now?

TEAG: Cry for them every day, upon my soul.

COL. C: Why, where's thy master?

25 TEAG: He's dead, mastero, and left poor TEAGUE. Upon my soul, he never served poor TEAGUE so before, (in all his life).

COL. C: Who was thy master?

TEAG: E'en the good Colonel DANGER.

COL. C: He was my dear and noble friend.

30 TEAG: Yes, that he was; and poor TEAGUE's, too, "faith now."

COL. C: What dost thou mean to do?

TEAG: I will get a good master, if any good master would get me. I cannot tell what to do else, by my soul, "that I cannot;" for I have went "and gone" to one LILLY's; he lives at that house; at the end of  
35 another house, by the May-pole-house, and tells everybody, by one star and t'other star, what good luck they shall have; but he could not tell nothing for poor TEAGUE.

COL. C: Why, man?

TEAG: Why, 'tis done by the stars (and the planets); and he told me  
40 there were no stars for *Irishmen*. I told him "he told two or three lies, upon my soul;" there were as many stars in *Ireland* as in *England*, and more too, "that there are," and if a good master cannot get me, I will

run into *Ireland*, and see if the stars be not there still; and if they be, I will come back, "i'faith," and beat his pate, if he will not then tell me some good luck and some stars.

COL. C: Poor fellow, I pity him. I fancy he's simply honest.—Hast thou any trade?

TEAG: Bo, bub bub bo, a trade, a trade! An *Irishman* a trade! An *Irishman* scorns a trade, "that he does;" (his blood is too thick for a trade;) I will run for thee forty miles, but I scorn to have a trade.

COL. B: Alas, poor simple fellow.

10 COL. C: I pity him; nor can I endure to see any man miserable that can weep for my prince, and friend.—Well, TEAGUE, what sayest thou if I will take thee?

TEAG: Why, "I will say thou wilt do very well, then." (I say you could not do a better thing.)

15 COL. C: Thy master was my dear friend. Wert thou with him when he was killed?

TEAG: Yes, upon my soul, that I was; and I did howl over him, "and I asked him why he would leave poor TEAGUE." (and I asked him why he died, but the devil burn the word he said to me.) And i' faith, I

20 staid kissing his sweet face, till the rogues came upon me and took away all from me; and I was naked till I got this mantle, that I was. I have never any victuals, neither, but a little snuff.

COL. C.: Come, thou shalt live with me; love me as thou didst thy master.

25 TEAG: That I will, "i' faith," if you will be good to poor TEAGUE.

COL. C: Now to our business; for I came but last night myself, and the lieutenant and I were just going to seek a solicitor.

COL. B: One may serve us all. What say you, lieutenant, can you furnish us?

30 LIEU: Yes, I think I can help you to plough with a heifer of their own.

COL. C: Now I think on't, BLUNT, why didst not thou begin with the committee-man's cow?

COL. B: Plague on her, she low-belled me so that I thought of nothing, but stood shrinking like a dead lark.

LIEU: But hark you, gentlemen, there's an ill-tasting dose to be swallowed first; there's a covenant to be taken.

TEAG: Well, what is that covenant? By my soul, I will take it for my new master, "if I could, that I would."

40 COL. C: Thank thee, TEAGUE.—A covenant, sayest thou?

TEAG: Well, where is that covenant?—

COL. C: We'll not swear, Lieutenant.

LIEU: You must have no land, then.

COL. B: Then farewell, acres, and may the dirt choke them.

COL. C: 'Tis but being reduced to TEAGUE's equipage; 'twas a lucky thing to have a fellow that can teach one this cheap diet of snuff.

5 TEAG: (Oh, you shall have your belly full of it.)

LIEU: Come, gentlemen, we must lose no more time. I'll carry you to my poor house, where you shall lodge; for know, I am married to a most illustrious person, that had a kindness for me.

COL. C: Prithee, how didst thou light upon this good fortune?

10 LIEU: Why, you see there are some stars in *England*, though none in *Ireland*. Come, gentlemen, time calls us; you shall have my story hereafter.

COL. B: Plague on this covenant.

LIEU: Curse it not; 'twill prosper then. [Exit BLUNT and LIEU.]

15 COL. C: Come, TEAGUE; however, I have a suit of clothes for thee; thou shalt lay by thy blanket for some time. It may be, thee and I may be reduced together to thy country fashion.

TEAG: Upon my soul, joy, for I will carry thee "then into my country too," (to my little estate in *Ireland*).

20 (COL. C: Hast thou got an estate?)

(TEAG: By my soul, and I have; but the land is of such a nature that if you had it for nothing, you would scarce make your money of it.)

COL. C: Why, there's the worst on't; the best will help itself.

[Exeunt]

25

[SCENE 2]

Enter MR. DAY and MRS. DAY.

MR. D: Welcome, sweet duck, I profess thou hast brought home good company, indeed; money and money's worth. If we can but now make sure of this heiress, Mrs. ARBELLA, for our son ABEL.

30 MRS. D: If we can? You are ever at your *ifs*. You're afraid of your own shadow. I can tell you one *if* more; that is, *if* I did not bear you up, your heart would be down in your breeches at every turn. Well—if I were gone,—there's another *if* for you.

MR. D: I profess thou sayest true; I should not know what to do, 35 indeed; I am beholden to thy good counsel for many a good thing. I had ne'er got RUTH nor her estate into my fingers else.

MRS. D: Nay, in that business, too, you were at your *ifs*. Now you see she goes currently for our own daughter; and this ARBELLA shall be our daughter too, or she shall have no estate.

40 MR. D: If we could but do that, wife!

MRS. D: Yet again at your *ifs*?

MR. D: I have done, I have done. To your counsel, good duck; you know I depend upon that.

MRS. D: You may, well enough; you find the sweets on't. And to say truth, 'tis known too well, that you rely upon it. In truth they are ready to call me the committee-man; they well perceive the weight that lies upon me, husband.

5 MR. D: Nay, good duck, no chiding now, but to your counsel.

MRS. D: In the first place—observe how I lay a design in politics—d'ye mark, counterfeit me a letter from the king, where he shall offer you great matters, to serve him and his interest under hand. Very good; and in it let him remember his kind love and service to me. This 10 will make them look about 'em and think you somebody. Then promise them, if they'll be true friends to you, to live and die with them, and refuse all great offers. Then, whilst 'tis warm, get the composition of ARBELLA's estate into your own power, upon your design of marrying her to ABEL.

15 MR. D: Excellent!

MRS. D: Mark the luck on't, too, their names sound alike; ABEL and ARBELLA—they are the same to a trifle. It seemeth a providence.

MR. D: Thou observest right, duck; thou canst see as far into a mill-stone as another.

20 MRS. D: Pish! Do not interrupt me.

MR. D: I do not, good duck, I do not.

MRS. D: You do not, and yet you do; you put me off from the concatenation of my discourse. Then, as I was saying, you may intimate to your honorable fellows that one good turn deserves another. That 25 language is understood amongst you, I take it, ha?

MR. D: Yes, yes, we use those items often. . .

MRS. D: Well, interrupt me not.

MR. D: I do not, good wife.

MRS. D: You do not, and yet you do. By this means get her composition put wholly into your hands; and then, no ABEL, no land.—But—in the mean time I would have ABEL do his part too.

MR. D: Ay, ay, there's a want; I found it.

MRS. D: Yes, when I told you so before.

MR. D: Why, that's true, duck. He is too backward. If I were in his 35 place, and as young as I have been—

MRS. D: Oh, you'd do wonders! But now I think on't, there may be some use made of RUTH; 'tis a notable witty harlotry.

(MR. D: Ay, and so she is, duck, I always thought so.)

MRS. D: You thought so, when I told you I had thought on't first.—40 Let me see—it shall be so. We'll set her to instruct ABEL, in the first place; and then to incline ARBELLA. The two are hand and glove, and

women can do much with one another.

MR. D: Thou hast hit upon my own thoughts.

MRS. D: Pray call her in; you thought of that too, did you not?

MR. D: I will, duck. RUTH! Why, RUTH!

5

*Enter RUTH.*

RUTH: Your pleasure, sir?

MR. D: Nay, 'tis my wife's desire, that—

MRS. D: Well, if it be your wife's, she can best tell it herself, I suppose. D'ye hear, RUTH, you may do a business that may not be the  
10 worse for you. You know I use but few words.

RUTH: [Aside] What does she call a few?

MRS. D: Look you now. To be short and to the matter, my husband and I do design this Mrs. ARBELLA for our son ABEL, and the young fellow is not forward enough. You conceive? Prithee give him a little  
15 instructions how to demean himself and in what manner to speak, which we call address, to her, "for women best know what will please women." Then work on ARBELLA on the other side. Work, I say, my good girl; no more, but so. You know my custom is to use but few words. Much may be said in a little. You shant repent it.

20 MR. D: And I say something too, RUTH.

MRS. D: What need you? Do you not see it all said, already to your hand? What sayest thou, girl?

RUTH: I shall do my best.—[Aside] I would not lose the sport for more than I'll speak of.

25 MRS. D: Go call ABEL, good girl. [Exit RUTH] By bringing this to pass, husband, we shall secure ourselves if the king should come; you'll be hanged, else.

MR. D: Oh, good wife, let's secure ourselves, by all means. There's a wise saying: 'Tis good to have a shelter against every storm. I remember that.

30 MRS. D: You may well, when you have heard me say it so often.

*Enter RUTH with ABEL.*

MR. D: Oh, son ABEL, d'ye hear—

35 MRS. D: Pray hold your peace, and give everybody leave to tell their own tale.—D'ye hear, son ABEL, I have formerly told you that ARBELLA would be a good wife for you. Some endeavors must be used, and you must not be deficient. I have spoken to your sister RUTH to instruct you what to say, and how to carry yourself; observe her directions, as you'll answer to the contrary. Be confident, and put home.  
40 Ha, boy, hadst thou but thy mother's pate! Well, 'tis folly to talk of that that cannot be! Be sure you follow your sister's directions.

MR. D: Be sure, boy.—Well said, duck, I say.

[*Exeunt MR. & MRS. DAY*]

RUTH: Now, brother ABEL.

ABEL: Now, sister RUTH.

RUTH: [Aside] Hitherto he observes me punctually.—Have you a month's mind to this gentlewoman, Mistress ARBELLA?

5 ABEL: I have not known her a week yet.

RUTH: Oh, cry you mercy, good brother ABEL. Well, to begin then, you must alter your posture, “and by your grave and high demeanor make yourself appear a hole above OBADIAH; lest your mistress should take you for such another scribble-scrabble as he is;” and always hold 10 your head up as if it were bolstered up with high matters, your hands joined flat together, projecting a little beyond the rest of your body, as ready to separate when you begin to open.

ABEL: Must I go apace, or softly?

RUTH: Oh, gravely, by all means, as if you were loaded with weighty 15 considerations. So!—Very well. Now to apply our prescription.

Suppose now, that I were your Mistress ARBELLA, and met you by accident: keep your posture—so,—and when you come just to me, start like a horse that has spied something on one side of him, and give a little gird out of the way, on a sudden; declaring that you did not 20 see her before, by reason of your deep contemplations. Then you speak to her. Let's hear.

ABEL: 'Save you, mistress.

RUTH: Oh, fie man! You should begin thus! Pardon, mistress, my profound contemplations, in which I was so buried that I did not see 25 you:—and then, as she answers, proceed. I know what she'll say, I am so used to her.

ABEL: This will do well, if I forget it not.

RUTH: Well, try once.

ABEL: Pardon, mistress, my profound contemplations, in which I was 30 so hid that you could not see me.

RUTH: [Aside] Better sport than I expected.—Very well done. You're perfect. Then she will answer: Sir, I suppose you are so busied with state affairs that it may well hinder you from taking notice of anything below them.

35 ABEL: No, forsooth; I have some profound contemplations, but no state affairs.

RUTH: Oh, fie man, you must confess that the weighty affairs of state lie heavy upon you; but 'tis a burden you must bear; and then shrug your shoulders.

40 ABEL: Must I say so? I am afraid my mother will be angry, for she takes all the state matters upon herself.

RUTH: Pish! Did she not charge you to be ruled by me? Why, man,

ARBELLA will never have you, if she be not made believe you can do great matters with parliament-men and committee-men; how should she hope for any good by you else, in her composition?

ABEL: I apprehend you now. I shall observe.

5 RUTH: 'Tis well; at this time I'll say no more. Put yourself in your posture—so.—Now go look for your mistress. I'll warrant you the town's our own.

ABEL: I go.

[*Exit* ABEL]

RUTH: Now I have fixed him, not to go off till he discharges on his  
10 mistress. I could burst with laughing.

*Enter* ARBELL.

ARB: What dost thou laugh at, RUTH?

RUTH: Didst thou meet my brother ABEL?

ARB: No.

15 RUTH: If thou hadst met him right, he had played at hard head with thee.

ARB: What dost thou mean?

RUTH: Why, I have been teaching him to woo, by command of my superiors; and have instructed him to hold up his head so high that of  
20 necessity he must run against everything that comes in his way.

ARB: Who is he to woo?

RUTH: Even thy own sweet self.

ARB: Out upon him!

25 RUTH: Nay, thou wilt be rarely courted; I'll not spoil the sport by telling anything beforehand. They have sent to LILLY, and his learning being built upon knowing what most people would have him say, he has told them for a certain that ABEL shall have a rich heiress; and that must be you.

ARB: Must be?

30 RUTH: Yes, committee-men can compel more than stars.

ARB: I fear this too late. You are their daughter, RUTH.

RUTH: I deny that.

ARB: How?

35 RUTH: Wonder not that I begin thus freely with you; 'tis to invite your confidence in me.

ARB: You amaze me.

RUTH: Pray do not wonder, nor suspect.—When my father, Sir BASIL THOROUGHGOOD, died, I was very young, "not above two years old;" 'tis too long to tell, how this rascal, being a trustee, catched me and my  
40 estate, "being the sole heiress unto my father, into his gripes;" and now for some years has confirmed his unjust power by the unlawful power of the times. I fear they have designs as bad as this on you.

You see I have no reserve, and endeavor to be thought worthy of your friendship.

ARB: I embrace it with as much clearness. Let us love and assist one another.—Would they marry me to this, their first-born puppy?

5 RUTH: No doubt, or keep your composition from you.

ARB: 'Twas my ill fortune to fall into such hands, foolishly enticed by fair words and large promises of assistance.

RUTH: Peace!

*Enter OBADIAH.*

10 OB: Mrs. RUTH, my master is demanding your company, together, and not singly, with Mrs. ARBELLA; you will find them in the parlor. The committee, being ready to sit, calls upon my care and circumspection to set in order the weighty matters of state for their wise and honorable inspection. [Exit]

15 RUTH: We come.—Come, dear ARBELLA, never be perplexed. Cheerful spirits are the best bladders to swim with; if thou art sad, the weight will sink thee. Be secret, and still know me for no other than what I seem to be, their daughter. Another time thou shalt know all particulars of my strange story.

20 ARB: Come, wench, they cannot bring us to compound for our humours; they shall be free still. [Exeunt]

ACT II

SCENE 1

25 Enter TEAGUE.

TEAG: I'faith, my sweet master has sent me to a rascal, "now that he has;" I (have a great mind to go back and) tell him so. He asked me why he could not send one that could speak *English*. Upon my soul, I was going to give him an *Irish* knock. The devil's in them all, they 30 will not talk with me. I will go near to knock this man's pate, and that man LILLY's pate, too—that I will. I will teach them to prate to me, "that I will."—[One cries books within] How now, what noises are that?—

*Enter BOOKSELLER crying his wares.*

35 BOOK: New books! New books! A desperate plot and engagement of the bloody cavaliers. \*\*\* Mr. SALTMARSH's alarm to the nation, after having been three days dead. MERCURIUS BRITANNICUS, etc.

TEAG: How's that? Now they cannot live in *Ireland* after they are dead three days.

40 BOOK: MERCURIUS BRITANNICUS, or the weekly post; or the solemn league and covenant.

TEAG: What is that you say? Is it the covenant; have you that?

BOOK: Yes. What then, sir?

TEAG: Which is that covenant?

BOOK: Why, this is the covenant.

TEAG: Well, I must take that covenant.

5 BOOK: You take my commodities?

TEAG: I must take that covenant, upon my soul, now, "that I must."

BOOK: Stand off, sir, or I'll set you further.

TEAG: Well, upon my soul now, I will take that covenant for my master.

10 BOOK: Your master must pay me for't, then.

TEAG: (I must take it first, and my master will pay you afterwards.) "I'faith now, they will make him pay for't, after I have taken it for him."

"BOOK: What a devil does the fellow mean?"

15 TEAG: You will make me stay too long, that you will. Look you now, I will knock you down upon the ground, if you will not let me take it."

BOOK: "Stand off, sirrah!" (You must pay me now.)

TEAG: "I'faith, I will take it now." (Oh, that I will. [Knocks him down] Now you're paid, you thief o' the world. Here's covenants

20 enough to poison the whole nation.) [Exit]

BOOK: What a devil ails this fellow? [Crying] He did not come to rob me, certainly, for he has not taken above two pennyworth of lamentable ware away; but I feel the rascal's fingers. I may light upon my wild *Irishman* again, and if I do I will fix him with some catchpoles

25 that shall be worse than his own country bogs. [Exit]

[SCENE 2]

*Enter COLONEL CARELESS, COLONEL BLUNT, and LIEUTENANT STORY.*

LIEU: And what say you, noble colonels? How, and how d'ye like my lady? I gave her the title of illustrious, from those illustrious commodities she deals in, hot water and tobacco.

30 COL. C: Prithee, how camest thou to think of marrying?

LIEU: Why, that which hinders other men "from those venereal conditions," prompted me to matrimony; hunger and cold, Colonel.

COL. C: "Which you destroyed with a fat woman, strong water, and

35 stinking tobacco."

LIEU: No, faith, the woman conduced but little; but the rest could not be purchased without."

COL. C: "She's beholden to you."

LIEU: "For all your mocking, she had been ruined if it had not been

40 for me."

COL. C: "Prithee, make but that good."

LIEU: "With ease, sir.—Why, look you, you must know she was al-

ways a most violent cavalier, and of a most ready and large faith. Abundance of rascals had found her soft place, and perpetually would bring her news, news of all prices; they would tell her news from half a crown to a gill of hot water, or a pipe of the worst mundungus. I 5 have observed their usual rates. They would borrow half a crown upon a story of five thousand men up in the north; a shilling upon a town's revolting; six-pence upon a small castle; and consume hot water and tobacco whilst they were telling news of arms conveyed into several parts, and ammunition hid in cellars; that, at the last, if I had not 10 married and blown off these flies, she had been absolutely consumed."

COL. C: "Well, Lieutenant, we are beholden to you for these hints; we may be reduced to as bad." See where TEAGUE comes. Goodness, how he smiles!—

*Enter TEAGUE, smiling.*

15 —Why so merry, TEAGUE?

TEAG: I have done a thing for you, "now, that I have," indeed.

COL. C: What hast thou done, man?

(TEAG: Guess.)

(COL. C: I can't.)

20 TEAG: (Why then, guess again.) I have taken the covenant "for thee, that I have, upon my soul."

COL. C: (How came you by it?) "Where hadst it thou?"

TEAG: "Hadst it thou!" (Very honestly!) I threw a fellow down, that I did, and took it away for thy sweet sake. Here it is now.

25 COL. C: Was there ever such a fancy! Why, didst thou think this was the way to take the covenant?

TEAG: "Ay, upon my soul, that it is. Look you there, now; have I not taken it? Is not this the covenant? Tell me then, I prithee." (I am sure it is the shortest, and the cheapest way to take it.)

30 COL. B: I am pleased, yet, with this poor fellow's mistaken kindness. I dare warrant him honest, to the best of his understanding.

COL. C: This fellow I prophesy will bring me into many troubles by his mistakes. I must send him on no errand but How d'ye; and to such as I would have no answer from again.—Yet his simple honesty pre-

35 vails with me; I cannot part with him.

LIEU: Come, gentlemen, time calls.—How now, who's this?

*Enter OBADIAH, with four persons more, with papers.*

COL. C: I am a rogue if I have not seen a picture in hangings walk as fast.

40 COL. B: 'Slife, man, this is that good man of the committee family that I told thee of, the very clerk. How the rogue's loaded with papers! —Those are the winding-sheets to many a poor gentleman's estate;

'twere a good deed to burn them all.

COL. C: What, thou art not mad, art?—Well met, sir. Pray, do you not belong to the Committee of Sequestrations?

OB: I do belong to that honorable committee, who are now ready to  
5 sit for the bringing on the work.

COL. B: Oh plague! What work, ras—

COL. C: Prithee be quiet, man.—Are they to sit presently?

OB: As soon as I can get ready, my presence being material. [Exit]

COL. C: What, wert thou mad? Wouldst thou have beaten the clerk,

10 when thou wert going to compound with the rascals, his masters?

COL. B: The sight of any of the villains stirs me.

LIEU: Come, Colonels, there's no trifling; let's make haste, and prepare your business. Let's not lose this sitting. Come along, TEAGUE.

[*Exeunt*]

15

[SCENE 3]

*Enter ARBELLA at one door, ABEL at another, as if he saw her not, and starts when he comes to her, as RUTH had taught him.*

ARB: What's the meaning of this? I'll try to steal by him.

20 ABEL: Pardon, mistress, my profound contemplations, in which I was so hid that you could not see me.

ARB: [*Aside.*] This is a set form,—they allow it in everything but their prayers.

ABEL: Now you should speak, forsooth.

25 ARB: [*Aside*] "RUTH, I have found you; but I'll spoil the dialogue." —What should I say, sir?

ABEL: What you please, forsooth.

ARB: Why, truly, sir, 'tis as you say; I did not see you.

*Enter RUTH, as overhearing them, and peeps.*

30 RUTH: This is lucky.

ABEL: No, forsooth; 'twas I that was not to see you.

ARB: Why, sir, would your mother be angry if you should?

ABEL: No, no, quite contrary,—I'll tell you that presently; but first I must say, that the weighty affairs lie heavy upon my neck and  
35 shoulders. [*Shrugs*]

ARB: [*Aside*] Would he were tied neck and heels.—This is a notable wench; look where the rascal peeps, too; if I should beckon to her she'd take no notice; she is resolved not to relieve me.

ABEL: Something I can do, and that with somebody; that is, with  
40 those that are somebodies.

ARB: Whist! Whist! [*Beckons to Ruth, who shakes her head*] Prithee, have some pity. Oh, unmerciful girl!

ABEL: I know parliament-men, and sequestrators; I know committee-men, and committee-men know me.

ARB: You have great acquaintance, sir?

ABEL: Yes, they ask my opinion sometimes.

5 ARB: What weather 'twill be? Have you any skill, sir?

ABEL: When the weather is not good, we hold a fast.

ARB: And then it alters?

ABEL: Assuredly.

ARB: In good time—*[Aside]* No mercy, wench?

10 ABEL: Our profound contemplations are caused by the consternation of our spirits for the nation's good; we are in labor.

ARB: And I want a deliverance.—Hark ye, RUTH, take off your dog, or I'll turn bear indeed.

RUTH: I dare not; my mother will be angry.

15 ARB: Oh, hang you.

ABEL: You shall perceive that I have some power, if you please to—

ARB: Oh, I am pleased, sir, that you should have power! I must look out my hoods and scarfs, sir; 'tis almost time to go.

ABEL: If it were not for the weighty matters of state which lie upon 20 my shoulders, myself would look for them.

ARB: Oh, by no means, sir; 'tis below your greatness.—

*Enters MRS. DAY.*

—*[Aside]* Some luck yet. She never came seasonably before.

MRS. DAY: Why, how now! ABEL got so close to Mrs. ARBELLA, so close 25 indeed! Nay, then I smell something.—Well, Mr. ABEL, you have been so used to secrecy in council and weighty matters that you have it at your fingers' ends. Nay, look ye, mistress, look ye, look ye. Mark ABEL'S eyes. Ah, there he looks. RUTH, thou art a good girl. I find ABEL has got ground.

30 RUTH: I forbore to come in, till I saw your honor first enter; but I have o'erheard all.

MRS. D: And how has ABEL behaved himself, wench, ha?

RUTH: Oh, beyond expectation. "If it were lawful, I'd undertake he'd make nothing to get as many women's good-wills as he speaks to."

35 He'll not need much teaching; you may turn him loose.

ARB: Oh, this plaguey wench.

MRS. D: Sayest thou so, girl? It shall be something in thy way; a new gown or so; it may be, a better penny. Well said, ABEL, I say. I did think thou wouldst come out with a piece of thy mother's at last.—

40 But I had forgot. The Committee are near upon sitting. Ha, mistress, you are crafty; you have made your composition beforehand. Ah, this ABEL'S as bad as a whole committee; take that *item* from me.

Come, make haste. Call the coach, ABEL. Well said, ABEL, I say.  
 "ARB: We'll fetch our things and follow you. [Exeunt MRS. DAY and ABEL] Now, wench, canst thou ever hope to be forgiven?"  
 "RUTH: Why, what's the matter?"

5 "ARB: The matter! Couldst thou be so unmerciful to see me practised on, and pelted at, by a blunderbuss charged with nothing but proofs, weighty affairs, spirit, profound contemplation, and such like?"  
 "RUTH: Why I was afraid to interrupt you. I thought it convenient to give you what time I could, to make his young honor your friend."

10 "ARB: I am beholden to you. I may cry quittance."  
 "RUTH: But did you mark ABEL's eyes? Ah, there were looks!"  
 "ARB: Nay, prithee give off. My hour's approaching, and I can't be heartily merry till it be past. Come, let's fetch our things. Her ladyship's honor will stay for us."

15 "RUTH: I'll warrant ye, my brother ABEL is not in order yet; he's brushing a hat almost a quarter of an hour, and as long a-driving the lint from his black clothes, with his wet thumb."

"ARB: Come, prithee hold thy peace. I shall laugh in his face, else, when I see him come along. Now for an old shoe." [Exeunt]

20 [SCENE 4]

*A table set out.*

*The Committee, sitting; OBADIAH ordering books and papers.*

OB: Shall I read your honors' last order, and give you the account of what you last debated?

25 MR. D: I first crave your favors, to communicate an important matter to this honorable board, in which I shall discover unto you my own sincerity, and zeal to the good cause.

1 COM: Proceed, sir.

MR. D: The business is contained in this letter. 'Tis from no less a man than the king; and 'tis to me, as simple as I sit here. Is it your pleasures that our clerk should read it?

2 COM: Yes, pray give it to him.

OB: [Reads] MR. DAY: *We have received good intelligence of your great worth and ability, especially in state matters; and therefore thought fit to offer you any preferment, or honor, that you shall desire, if you will become my entire friend. Pray remember my love and services to your discreet wife, and acquaint her with this; whose wisdom, I hear, is great. So recommending this to her and your wise consideration, I remain,*

*Your friend, C. K.*

40 2 COM: C. K.!

MR. D: Ay, that's for the king.

2 COM: [Aside] I suspect—Who brought you this letter?

MR. D: [Aside] Oh, fie upon't my wife forgot that particular.— Why, a fellow left it for me, and shrunk away when he had done. I warrant you, he was afraid I should have laid hold upon him. You see, brethren, what I reject; but I doubt not but to receive my reward; and I have  
5 now a business to offer, which in some measure may afford you an occasion.

2. COM: [Aside] This letter was counterfeited, certainly.

MR. D: But first be pleased to read your last order.

2 COM: [Aside] What does he mean? That concerns me.

10 OB: The order is, that the composition arising out of Mr. LASHLEY'S estate be, and hereby is, invested and allowed to the honorable Mr. NATHANIEL CATCH, for and in respect of his sufferings and good service.

MR. D: It is meet, very meet; we are bound in duty to strengthen ourselves against the day of trouble, when the common enemy shall endeavor to raise commotions in the land, and disturb our new-built Zion.

15 "2 COM: [Aside] Then I'll say nothing, but close with him; we must wink at one another.—I receive your sense of my services with a zealous kindness. Now, Mr. DAY, I pray you propose your business."

20 "MR. D:" I desire this honorable board to understand that my wife being at *Reading*, and to come up in the stage-coach. It happened that one Mrs. ARBELLA, a rich heiress of one of the Cavalier party, came up also in the same coach. Her father being newly dead, and her estate being before under sequestration, my wife, who has a notable  
25 pate of her own,—you all know her—presently cast about to get her for my son ABEL; and accordingly invited her to my house, where, though time was but short, yet my son ABEL made use of it. They are without, "as I suppose; but before we call them in, I pray let us handle such other matters as are before us."

30 "1 COM: Let us hear then, what estates besides lie before us, that we may see how large a field we have to walk in."

"2 COM: Read."

"OB: One of our last debates was upon the plea of an infant, whose estate is under sequestration."

35 "MR. D.: And fit to be kept so till he comes of age, and may answer for himself; that he may not be in possession of the land till he can promise he will not turn to the enemy."

"OB: Here is another of almost the like nature; an estate before your honors under sequestration. The plea is, that the party died without  
40 any offer of taking up arms; but in his opinion he was for the king. He has left his widow with child, which will be the heir; and the trustees complain of wrong, and claim the estate."

"2 COM: Well, the father, in his opinion, was a Cavalier?"

"OB: So it is given in."

"2 COM: Nay, 'twas so, I warrant you; and there's a young Cavalier in his widow's belly; I warrant you that, too, for the perverse generation increaseth. I move, therefore, that their two estates may remain in the hands of our brethren here, and fellow-laborers, MR. JOSEPH BLEMISH, and MR. JONATHAN HEADSTRONG, and MR. EZEKIEL SCRAPE, and they to be accountable at our pleasure. Whereby they may have a godly opportunity of doing good for themselves."

10 "MR. D: Order it! Order it!"

"3 COM: Since it is your pleasures, we are content to take the burden upon us, and be stewards to the nation."

"2 COM: Now verily, it seemeth to me that the work goeth forward, when brethren hold together in unity."

15 MR. D: "Well, if we have now finished, give me leave to tell you, my wife is without," together with the gentlewoman that is to compound; she will needs have a finger in the pie.

"3 COM: I profess, we are to blame to let Mrs. DAY wait so long."

20 "MR. D:" We may not neglect the public for private respects. I hope, brethren, that you will please to cast the favor of your countenances upon ABEL.

2 & 3 COM: You wrong us to doubt it, Brother DAY. Call in the compounders.

(OB: Call in the compounders.)

25 (PORTER: Come in, the compounders.)

*Enter MRS. DAY, ABEL, ARBELLA, RUTH; and after them the COLONELS*

*and TEAGUE. They give the doorkeeper something, and he  
seems to scrape.*

30 MR. D: Come, duck, I have told the honorable Committee that you are one that will needs endeavor to do good for this gentlewoman.

2 COM: We are glad, Mrs. DAY, that any occasion brings you hither.

MRS. D: I thank your honors. I am desirous of doing good, which I know is always acceptable in your eyes.

MR. D: Come on, son ABEL; what have you to say?

35 ABEL: I come unto your honors, full of profound contemplations for this gentlewoman.

ARB: [Aside to Ruth] 'Slife, he's at his lesson, wench.

RUTH: [Aside] Peace!—Which whelp opens next? Oh, the wolf is going to bark.

40 MRS. D: May it please your honors, I shall presume to inform you that my son has settled his affections on this gentlewoman, and desires your honors' favor to be shown unto him in her composition.

2 COM: Say you so, Mrs. DAY? Why, the Committee have taken it into their serious and pious consideration, together with Mr. DAY's good service, upon some knowledge that is not fit to communicate.

MRS. D: [Aside] That was the letter I invented.

5 2 COM: And the composition of this gentlewoman is consigned to Mr. DAY,—that is, I suppose, to Mr. ABEL, and so consequently to the gentlewoman. You may be thankful, mistress, for such good fortune. Your estate's discharged. Mr. DAY shall have the discharge.

COL. B: [Aside] Oh, damn the vultures!

10 COL. C: [Aside] Peace, man.

ARB: I am willing to be thankful when I understand the benefit. I have no reason to compound for what's my own; but if I must, if a woman can be a delinquent, I desire to know my public censure, not to be left in private hands.

15 2 COM: Be contented, gentlewoman. The Committee does this in favor of you. We understand how easily you can satisfy Mr. ABEL; you may, if you please, be Mrs. DAY.

RUTH: [Aside] And then, good night to all.

ARB: How, gentlemen! Are you private marriage-jobbers? D'ye 20 make markets for one another?

2 COM: How's this, gentlewoman?

COL. B: [Aside] A brave, noble creature!

COL. C: [Aside] Thou art smitten, BLUNT. That other female, too, methinks shoots fire this way.

25 TEAG: (Take care she don't burn your wig.)

MRS. D: I desire your honors to pardon her incessant words. Perhaps she doth not imagine the good that is intended her.

2 COM: Gentlewoman, the Committee, for Mrs. DAY's sake, passes by your expressions; "you may spare your pains. You have the Committee's resolution;" you may be your own enemy if you will.

ARB: My own enemy?

RUTH: [Aside] Prithee, peace. 'Tis to no purpose to wrangle here; we must use other ways.

2 COM: [To the COLONELS] Come on, gentlemen; what's your case?

35 RUTH: ARBELLA, there's the downright cavalier that came up in the coach with us.—On my life, there's a sprightly gentleman with him.

COL. C: Our business is to compound for our estates [*While they speak, the COLONELS pull the papers out and deliver them*] of which here are the particulars, which will agree with your own survey.

40 TEAG: (And here's the particulars of TEAGUE's estate: forty cows, and the devil a bull amongst them.)

OB: The particulars are right.

MR. D: Well, gentlemen, the rule is two years' purchase, the first payment down, the other at six months' end, and the estate to secure it.

COL. C: Can you afford it no cheaper?

2 COM: 'Tis our rule.

5 COL. C: Very well. 'Tis but selling the rest to pay this, and our more lawful debts.

2 COM: But, gentlemen, before you are admitted, you are to take the covenant; you have not taken it yet, have you?

COL. C: No.

10 TEAG: Upon my soul, but he has, now; I took it for him, and he has taken it from me, that he has.

RUTH: What sport are we now likely to have?

2 COM: What fellow's that?

COL. C: A poor, simple fellow that serves me. Peace, TEAGUE.

15 TEAG: Let them not prate so, then.

2 COM: Well, gentlemen, it remains whether you'll take the covenant? (TEAG: Why, he has taken it.)

COL. C: This is strange, and differs from your own principle, to impose on other men's consciences.

20 MR. D: Pish! We are not here to dispute. We act according to our instructions, and we cannot admit any to compound without taking it. Therefore, your answer.

TEAG: "Why, was it for no matter, then, that I have taken the covenant? You, there, Mr. Committee, do you hear that now?" (Was it for nothing I took the—)

25 COL. C: (Hold your tongue.) No, we will not take it. Much good may it do them that have swallows large enough; 'twill one day work in their stomachs.

COL. B: The day may come, when those that suffer for their consciences and honor may be rewarded.

30 MR. D: Ay, ay, you make an idol of that honor.

COL. B: Our worships, then, are different. You make that your idol which brings you interest; we can obey that which bids us lose it.

ARB: [Aside] Brave gentlemen!

35 RUTH: [Aside] I stare at 'em till my eyes ache.

2 COM: Gentlemen, you are men of dangerous spirits. Know, we must keep our rules and instruction, lest we lose that Providence hath put into our hands.

COL. C: Providence! Such as thieves rob by.

40 2 COM: What's that, sir? Sir, you are too bold.

COL. C: Why, in good sooth, you may give losers leave to speak. I hope your honors, out of your bowels of compassion, will permit us

to talk over our departing acres.

MR. D: It is well you are so merry.

COL. C: Oh, ever whilst you live, clear souls make light hearts. Faith, would I might ask one question?

5 2 COM: Swear not, then.

COL. C: Thou shalt not covet your neighbor's goods; there's a *Rowland* for your *Oliver*.

TEAG: (There is an *Oliver* for your *Rowland*. Take that till the pot boils.)

10 COL. C: My question is only, which of all of you is to have our estates? Or will you make traitors of them, draw 'em, and quarter 'em?

2 COM: You grow abusive.

COL. B: No, no, 'tis only to entreat the honorable persons that will be pleased to be our house-keepers, to keep them in good reparations; we 15 may take possession again, without the help of the covenant.

2 COM: You will think better on't, and take this covenant.

COL. C: We will be as rotten, first, as their hearts that invented it.

RUTH: [Aside] 'Slife, ARBELLA, we'll have these two men; there are not two such again to be had for love nor money.

20 MR. D: Well, gentlemen, your follies light upon your own heads. We have no more to say.

COL. C: Why, then, hoist sails for a new world.—

(TEAG: Ay, for old *Ireland*.)

COL. C: D'ye hear that, BLUNT? What gentlewoman is that?

25 COL. B: 'Tis their witty daughter I told thee of.

COL. C: I'll go speak to 'em. I'd fain convert that pretty covenanter.

COL. B: Nay, prithee, let's go.

COL. C: Lady, I hope you'll have that good fortune, not to be troubled with the covenant.

30 ARB: If they do, I'll not take it.

COL. B: Brave lady! I must love her against my will.

COL. C: For you, pretty one, I hope your fortune will be enlarged by our misfortunes. Remember your benefactors.

RUTH: If I had all your estates, I could afford you as good a thing.

35 COL. C: Without taking the covenant?

RUTH: Yes, but I would invent another oath.

COL. C: Upon your lips?

RUTH: Nay, I am not bound to discover.

COL. B: Prithee, come. Is this a time to spend in fooling?

40 COL. C: Now have I forgot everything.

COL. B: Come, let's go.

2 COM: Gentlemen, void the room.

COL. C: Sure, 'tis impossible that kite should get that pretty merlin.

COL. B: Come, prithee let's go. These muck-worms will have earth enough to stop their mouths with, one day.

COL. C: Pray use our estates husband-like. And so, our most honor-

5 able bailiffs, farewell. [(*Exeunt COLONELS CARELESS and BLUNT*)]

(TEAG: Ay, bumbailly rascals.)

MR. D: You are rude. Door-keeper, put 'em forth, there.

PORTER: Come forth, ye there. This is not a place for such as you.

TEAG: (Devil burn me, but) ye are a rascal, that you are, now.

10 PORTER: And please your honors, this profane *Irishman* swore an oath at the door, even now, when I would have put him out.

2 COM: Let him pay for it.

PORTER: Here, you must pay, or lie by the heels.

TEAG: What, must I pay by the heels? I will not pay by the heels,

15 "that I will not, upon my soul." (Master, ubbub boo!)

(Enter CARELESS.)

(COL. C: What's the matter?)

(TEAG: This gander-faced gag says I must pay by the heels.)

(COL. C: What have you done?)

20 (TEAG: Only swore a bit of an oath.)

COL. C: Here, here's a shilling "for thee. Be quiet." (Pay for it and come along.) [*Exeunt the COLONELS*]

TEAG: Well, I have not cursed "you now, that I have not. What if I had cursed, then?" (But how much had that been?)

25 PORTER: That had been sixpence.

TEAG: Och, if I had but one sixpence-halfpenny in the world, but I would give it for a curse to ease my stomach on you. My money is like a wild colt; I am obliged to drive it up in a corner to catch it. I have hold of it, by the scruff of the neck. Here, mister, there's the shilling for the oath. And there's the sixpence-halfpenny for you, for the curse, beforehand. And now my curse, and the curse of CROMWELL, light upon you all, you thieves, you. [*Knocks down the PORTER and Exit*]

"RUTH: Hark ye, ARBELLA; 'twere a sin not to love these men."

"ARB: I am not guilty, RUTH."

35 MRS. D: Has this honorable board any other command?

2 COM: Nothing farther, good Mrs. DAY.—Gentlewoman, you have nothing to care for, but to be grateful and kind to Mr. ABEL.

ARB: I desire to know what I must directly trust to, or I will complain.

MRS. D: The gentlewoman needeth not doubt. She shall suddenly perceive the good that is intended her, if she does not interpose in her own light.

MR. D: I pray, withdraw. The Committee has passed their order, and

they must now be private.

2 COM: Nay, pray, mistress, withdraw.— [Exeunt all but the Committee]

“So, brethren, we have finished this day’s work; and let us always keep the bonds of unity unbroken, walking hand in hand, and scattering 5 the enemy.”

“MR. D: You may perceive that they have spirits never to be reconciled; they walk according to nature, and are full of inward darkness.”

“2 COM: It is well, truly, for the good people, that they are so obstinate; whereby their estates may of right fall into the hands of the 10 chosen, which is truly a mercy.”

MR. D: I think there remaineth nothing farther, but to adjourn till Monday. “[To OBADIAH]—Take up the papers there, and bring home to me their honors’ order for MRS. ARBELLA’S estate.—So, brethren, we separate ourselves to our particular endeavors, till we join in public 15 on Monday, two of the clock;” and so, peace remain with you.

[Exeunt]

### ACT III

#### SCENE 1

20 Enter COLONEL CARELESS, COLONEL BLUNT, and LIEUTENANT STORY.

LIEU: By my faith, a sad story. I did apprehend this covenant would be the trap.

COL. C: Never did any rebels fish with such cormorants; no stoppage 25 about their throats; the rascals are all swallow.

“COL. B: Now am I ready for any plot. I’ll go find some of these agitants, and fill up a blank commission with my name. And if I can but find two or three gathered together, they are sure of me. I will please myself, however, with endeavoring to cut their throats.”

30 “COL. C: Or do something to make them hang us, that we may but part on any terms.”—

*Enter TEAGUE.*

—How now, TEAGUE, what says the learned?

TEAG: Well, then, upon my soul, the man in the great cloak, with the 35 long sleeves, is mad, that he is.

COL. C: Mad, TEAGUE!

TEAG: Yes, i’faith, is he. He “bid me be gone, and” said I was sent to make game of him.

COL. C: Why, what didst thou say to him?

40 TEAG: “Well, now,” I asked him if he would take any counsel.

COL. C: ’Slife, he might well enough think thou mockedst him. Why, thou shouldst have asked him when we might come for counsel.

TEAG: Well, that is all one, is it not? If he would take any counsel, or you would take any counsel, is not that all one, then?

COL. C: Was there ever such a mistake?

COL. B: Prithee, never be troubled at this; we are past counsel. If 5 we had but a friend amongst them, that could slide us by this covenant.

COL. C: Nothing angered me so, as that my old kitchen-stuff acquaintance looked another way, and seemed not to know me.

COL. B: How, kitchen-stuff acquaintance!

10 COL. C: Yes, Mrs. DAY, that commanded the party in the hackney-coach, was my father's kitchen maid, and in time of yore called GILLIAN.

LIEU: Hark ye, Colonel; what if you did visit this translated kitchen-maid?

15 TEAG: Well, how is that? A kitchen-maid? Where is she now?

COL. B: The lieutenant advises well.

COL. C: Nay, stay, stay. In the first place I'll send TEAGUE to her, to tell her I have a little business with her, and desire to know when I may have leave to wait on her.

20 COL. B: We shall have TEAGUE mistake again.

TEAG: How is that, now? I will not mistake that kitchen-maid. Whither must I go now, to mistake that kitchen-maid?

COL. C: But d'ye hear, TEAGUE? You must take no notice of that, upon thy life; but on the contrary, at every word you must say Your 25 Ladyship, and Your Honor; as for example, when you have made a leg, you must begin thus: My master presents his service to Your Ladyship, and having some business with Your Honor, desires to know when he may have leave to wait upon Your Ladyship. ([TEAGUE turns his back on the COLONEL] Blockhead, you must not turn your back.)

30 TEAG: (Oh, no, sir; I always turn my face to a lady.) "Well, that I will do." But was she your father's kitchen-maid?

COL. C: Why, what then?

35 TEAG: Upon my soul, I shall laugh upon her face, for all I would not have a mind to do it.

COL. C: Not for a hundred pounds, TEAGUE. You must be sure to set your countenance, and look very soberly, before you begin.

TEAG: If I should then think of any kettles, or spits, or anything that will put a mind into my head of a kitchen, I should laugh then, should 40 I not?

COL. C: Not for a thousand pounds, TEAGUE; thou mayst undo us all.

TEAG: Well, I will hope I will not laugh, then. I will keep my mouth,

if I can, that I will, from running to one side, and t'other side. Well, now, where does this Mrs. TAY live?

LIEU: Come, TEAGUE, I'll walk along with thee, and show thee the house, that thou mayst not mistake that however.

5 (TEAG: Show me the door and I'll find the house myself.)

COL. C: Prithee do, Lieutenant.

(TEAG: Oh, sir, what is Mrs. TAY's name?)

COL. C: Have a care, TEAGUE. Thou shalt find us in the *Temple*.

[*Exeunt LIEUTENANT and TEAGUE*] "Now, BLUNT, have I another design."

"COL. B: What further design canst thou have?"

"COL. C: Why, by this means I may chance to see these women again, and get into their acquaintance."

"COL. B: With both, man?"

15 "COL. C: Slife, thou art jealous. Dóst love either of them?"

"COL. B: Nay, I can't tell. All is not as 'twas."

"COL. C: Like a man that is not well, and yet knows not what ails him."

20 "COL. B: Thou art something near the matter; but I'll cure myself with considering, that no woman can ever care for me."

"COL. C: And why, prithee?"

"COL. B: Because I can say nothing to them."

"COL. C: The less thou canst say, they'll like thee the better. She'll think 'tis love that has ham-stringed thy tongue. Besides, man, a 25 woman can't abide anything in the house should talk, but she and her parrot. Why, is it the cavalier girl thou likest?"

"COL. B: Canst thou love any of the other breed?"

30 "COL. C: Not honestly,—yet I confess that ill-begotten, pretty rascal never looked towards me but she scattered sparks as fast as kindling charcoal; thine's grown already to an honest flame. Come BLUNT, when TEAGUE comes we will resolve on something." [Exeunt]

[SCENE 2]

*Enter ARBELLA and RUTH.*

35 "ARB: Come now, a word of our own matters. How dost thou hope to get the estate again?"

"RUTH: You shall drink first. I was just going to ask you how you would get yours again; you are as fast as if you were under covet-baron.

40 "ARB: But I have more hopes than thou hast."

"RUTH: Not a scruple more, if there were but scales that could weigh hopes; for these rascals must be hanged before either of us shall get

our own. You may eat and drink out of yours, as I do, and be a sojourner with ABEL."

5 "ARB: I am hampered, but I'll not entangle myself with MR. ABEL's conjugal cords. Nay—I am more hampered than thou thinkest; for if thou art in as bad case as I—you understand me—hold up thy finger."

"RUTH: Behold. [Ruth holds up her finger] Nay, I'll ne'er forsake thee. If I were not smitten, I would persuade myself to be in love, if 'twere but to bear thee company."

10 "ARB: Dear girl! Hark ye, Ruth, the composition-day made an end of all; all's gone."

"RUTH: Nay, that fatal day put me into the condition of a compounder too; there was my heart brought under sequestration."

"ARB: That day, wench?"

15 "RUTH: Yes, that very day, with two or three forcible looks, 'twas driven an inch at least out of its old place; sense or reason can't find the way to't now."

"ARB: That day, that very day! If you and I should like the same man?"

20 "RUTH: Fie upon't. As I live, thou makest me start; now dare not I ask which thou likest."

"ARB: Would they were now to come in, that we might watch one another's eyes, and discover by signs. I am not able to ask thee, neither."

25 "RUTH: Nor I to tell thee. Shall we go ask LILLY which it is?"

"ARB: Out upon him. Nay, there's no need of stars; we know ourselves, if we durst speak."

"RUTH: Pish, I'll speak. If it be the same, we'll draw cuts."

30 "ARB: No, hark ye, RUTH, do you act them both, for you saw their several humors; and then watch my eyes, where I appear most concerned. I can't dissemble, for my heart."

"RUTH: I dare swear that will hinder thee to dissemble indeed.—Come, have at you then; I'll speak as if I were before the honorable rascals.

35 And first for my brave BLUNT COLONEL, who, hating to take the oath, cried out with a brave scorn—such as made thee in love, I hope—Hang yourselves, rascals; the time will come when those that dare be honest will be rewarded. Don't I act him bravely, don't I act him bravely?"

"ARB: Oh, admirably well! Dear wench! Do it once more.

40 "RUTH: Nay, nay, I must do the other now."

"ARB: No, no. This once more, dear girl, and I'll act the other for thee."

"RUTH: No, forsooth; I'll spare your pains. We are right; no need of cuts. Send thee good luck with him I acted, and wish me well with my merry Colonel, that shall act his own part."

5 ARB: And a thousand good lucks attend thee. We have saved our blushes admirably well, and relieved our hearts from hard duty.—But mum! See where the mother comes, and with her son, a true exemplification or duplicate of the original DAY. Now for a charge."

*Enter MRS. DAY and ABEL.*

"RUTH: Stand fair. The enemy draws up."

10 MRS. D: Well, Mrs. ARBELLA, I hope you have considered enough by this time. You need not use so much consideration for your own good; you may have your estate, and you may have ABEL; and you may be worse offered.—ABEL, tell her your mind; ne'er stand, shilly-shally—RUTH, does she incline, or is she wilfull?

15 RUTH: I was just about the point when your honor interrupted us.—One word in your ladyship's ear.

ABEL: You see, forsooth, that I am somebody, though you make nobody of me. You see I can prevail. Therefore pray say what I shall trust to; for I must not stand shilly-shally.

20 ARB: You are hasty, sir.

ABEL: I am called upon by important affairs, and therefore I must be bold in a fair way to tell you that it lies upon my spirit exceedingly.

ABEL: Saffron-posset-drink is very good against the heaviness of the spirit.

25 ARB: Nay, forsooth, you do not understand my meaning.

ABEL: You do, I hope sir; and 'tis no matter, sir, if one of us know it.

*Enter TEAGUE.*

TEAG: Well now, who are all you?

ARB: What's here? An *Irish* elder come to examine us all?

30 TEAG: Well, now, what is your names, every one?

RUTH: ARBELLA, this is a servant to one of the colonels; upon my life, 'tis the *Irishman* that took the covenant the right way.

ABEL: Peace. What should it mean?

TEAG: Well, cannot some of you all say nothing without speaking?

35 MRS. D: Why, how now, sauce-box? What would you have? What, have you left your manners without? Go out, and fetch 'em in.

TEAG: What should I fetch, now?

MRS. D: D'you know who you speak to, sirrah?

40 TEAG: (Yes I do.) "Well, what are you then? Upon my soul, in my own country they can tell who I am," (and it is little my own mother thought I should speak to the like of you.)

ABEL: You must not be so saucy unto her honor.

TEAG: Well, I will knock you down, if you be saucy, with my hammer.  
RUTH: This is miraculous.

TEAG: Is there none of you that I must speak to now?

ARB: [Aside] Now, wench, if he should be sent to us.

5 TEAG: Well, I would have one Mrs. TAY speak unto me.

MRS. D: Well, sirrah, I am she; what's your business?

TEAG: Oh, so then, are you Mrs. TAY?—Well—[Aside] I must look well first, and I will set my face "in some worship; yes indeed that I will;" and tell her my message.

10 "RUTH: How the fellow begins to mould himself."

"ARB: And tempers his chops like a hound that has lapped before his meat was cold enough."

"RUTH: He looks as if he had some gifts to pour forth; those are Mr. DAY's own white eyes before he begins to say grace. Now for a speech  
15 rattling in his kecher, as if his words stumbled in their way."

TEAG: "Well now, I will tell thee, i'faith." My master, the good Colonel CARELESS, bid me ask thy good ladyship—upon my soul now, the laugh will come upon me. [He laughs always, when he says ladyship or honor]

20 MRS. D: Sirrah, sirrah! What, were you sent to abuse me?

RUTH: [Aside] As sure as can be.

TEAG: "I'faith now," I do not abuse thy good honor,—I cannot help my laugh now; I will try again now; I will not think of a kitchen, then, (nor a dripping-pan, nor a mustard-pot)—My master would know of  
25 your ladyship—

MRS. D: Did your master send you to abuse me, you rascal? By my honor, sirrah—

TEAG: Why dost thou mock thyself, now, joy?

MRS. D: How, sirrah, do I mock myself? This is some *Irish* traitor.

30 TEAG: I am no traitor, that I am not. I am an *Irish* rebel. You are cozened now.

MRS. D: Sirrah, sirrah! I will make you know who I am.—An impudent *Irish* rascal.

ABEL: He seemeth a dangerous fellow, and of a bold and seditious spirit.

MRS. D: You are a bloody rascal, I warrant ye.

TEAG: You are a foolish, brabble-bibble woman, that you are.

ABEL: Sirrah, we that are at the head of affairs must punish your sauciness.

40 TEAG: (And we that are at the tail of affairs will punish your sauciness.) "You shall take a knock upon your pate, if you are saucy with me, that you shall; you son of a round-head, you."

MRS. D: You rascally varlet, get you out of my doors.

TEAG: Will I not give you my message then?

MRS. D: Get you out, rascal.

TEAG: I prithee let me tell thee my message.

5 MRS. D: Get you out, I say.

TEAG: Well, then, I care not neither; the devil take your ladyship, and honorship, and kitchenship "too; there now." [Exit]

"ARB: Was there ever such a scene? "Tis impossible to guess anything."

10 "RUTH: Our Colonels have done 't, as sure as thou livest, to make themselves sport; being all the revenge that is in their power. Look, look, how her honor trots about, like a beast stung with flies."

MRS. D: How the villain has distempered me! Out upon't, too, that I have let the rascal go unpunished; and you [*to ABEL*] can stand by 15 like a sheep. Run after him then, and stop him. I'll have him laid by the heels, and make him confess who sent him to abuse me. Call help as you go. Make haste, I say. [Exit ABEL]

RUTH: 'Slid, ARBELLA, run after him, and save the poor fellow, for sake's sake; stop ABEL by any means, that he may 'scape.

20 ARE: Keep his dam off, and let me alone with the puppy. [Exit]

RUTH: Fear not.

MRS. D: 'Uds my life, the rascal has heated me—Now I think on't, I'll go myself, and see it done; a saucy villain.

RUTH: But I must needs acquaint your honor with one thing first, 25 concerning Mrs. ARBELLA.

MRS. D: As soon as ever I have done. Is't good news, wench?

RUTH: Most excellent. If you go out you may spoil all. Such a discovery I have made, that you will bless the accident that angered you. MRS. D: Quickly then, girl.

30 RUTH: When you sent ABEL after the *Irishman*, Mrs. ARBELLA'S color came and went in her face; and at last, not able to stay, she slunk away after him, for fear the *Irishman* should hurt him. She stole away, and blushed the prettiest.

MRS. D: I protest he may be hurt indeed; I'll run myself, too.

35 RUTH: By no means, forsooth; "nor is there any need on't, for she resolved to stop him before he could get near the *Irishman*. She has done it, upon my life; and if you should go out you might spoil the kindest encounter that the loving ABEL is ever like to have."

"MRS. D: Art sure of this?"

40 "RUTH: If you do not find she has stopped him, let me ever have your hatred. Pray credit me."

"MRS. D: I do, I do believe thee. Come, we'll go in where I use to read.

There thou shalt tell me all the particulars, and the manner of it. I warrant 'twas pretty to observe."

"RUTH: Oh, 'twas a thousand pities you did not see't. When ABEL walked away so bravely, and foolishly, after this wild *Irishman*, she 5 stole such kind looks from her own eyes; and having robbed herself, sent them after her own ABEL; and then—"

MRS. D: Come, good wench, I'll go in, and hear it all at large. It shall be the best tale thou hast told these two days. Come, come, I long to hear all. ABEL, for his part, needs no help by this time. Come, good 10 wench.

[Exit]

"RUTH: So far I am right; fortune take care for future things." [Exit]

[SCENE 3]

*Enter COLONEL BLUNT, as taken by BAILIFFS.*

COL. B: At whose suit, rascals?

15 1 BAIL: You shall know that time enough.

COL. B: Time enough, dogs! Must I wait your leisure?

1 BAIL: Oh, you are a dangerous man; 'tis such traitors as you that disturb the peace of the nation.

COL. B: Take that, rascal. [Kicking him] If I had anything at liberty 20 besides my foot, I would bestow it on you.

1 BAIL: You shall pay dearly for this kick, before you are let loose, and give good special bail. Mark that, my surly companion. We have you fast.

COL. B: 'Tis well, rogues, you caught me conveniently; had I been 25 aware, I would have made some of your scurvy souls my special bail.

"1 BAIL: Oh, 'tis a bloody-minded man! I'll warrant ye this vile cavalier has eat many a child."

"COL. B: I could gnaw a piece or two of you, rascals."

*Enter COLONEL CARELESS.*

30 COL. C: How is this! BLUNT in hold! You catchpole, let go your prey, or—[Draws, and BLUNT in the scuffle throws up the heels of one of them, and gets a sword, and helps to drive them off]

1 BAIL: Murder! Murder!

COL. B: Faith, CARELESS, this was worth thanks. I was fairly going.

35 COL. C: What was the matter, man?

COL. B: Why, an action or two for free quarter, now made trover and conversion. Nay, I believe we shall be sued with an action of trespass, for every field we have marched over; and be indicted for riots, for going at unseasonable hours, above two in a company.

40 *Enter TEAGUE, running.*

COL. C: Well, come, let's away.

TEAG: Now upon my soul, run as I do. The men in red coats are.

running too, "that they are," and they cry murder, murder. I never heard such a noise in *Ireland* (in all my life,) "that's true, too."

COL. C: 'Slife, we must shift several ways. Farewell. If we scape, we meet at night. I shall take heed now.

5 TEAG: Shall I tell of Mrs. TAY now?

COL. C: Oh, good TEAGUE, no time for messages. [Exeunt several ways]

*A noise within. Enter BAILIFFS and SOLDIERS.*

3 BAIL: This way, this way! Oh villains! My neighbor Swash is hurt dangerously. Come, good soldiers, follow, follow. [Exeunt]

10 Reenter CARELESS and TEAGUE.

COL. C: I am quite out of breath, and the bloodhounds are in full cry upon a burning scent. Plague on 'em, what a noise the kennels make! What door's this that graciously stands a little open? What an ass am I to ask! TEAGUE, scout abroad. If anything happens extraordinary, observe this door; there you shall find me. Be careful. Now, by your favor, landlord, as unknown. [Exeunt severally]

[SCENE 4]

*Enter MRS. DAY and OBADIAH.*

20 MRS. D: It was well observed, OBADIAH, to bring the parties to me first. 'Tis your master's will that I should, as I may say, prepare matters for him. In truth, in truth, I have too great a burden upon me; yet for the public good I am content to undergo it.

OB: I shall with sincere care present unto your honor, from time to time, such negotiations as I may discreetly presume may be material for your honor's inspection.

MRS. D: It will become you so to do. You have the present that came last?

OB: Yes, and please your honor. The gentlewoman, concerning her brother's release, hath also sent in a piece of plate.

MRS. D: It's very well.

OB: But the man without, about a bargain of the king's land, is come empty.

MRS. D: Bid him be gone; I'll not speak with him. He does not understand himself.

OB: I shall intimate so much to him.

*As OBADIAH goes out, COLONEL CARELESS meets him and tumbles him back.*

MRS. D: Why, how now? What rude companion's this? What would you have? What's your business? What's the matter? Who sent you? Who d'you belong to? Who—

COL. C: Hold, hold, if you mean to be answered to all these interrogatories. You see I resolve to be your companion. I am a man; there's

no great matter; nobody sent me; nor I belong to nobody. I think I have answered to the chief heads.

MRS. D: Thou hast committed murder, for aught I know. How is't, OBADIAH?

5 COL. C: [Aside] Ha! What luck have I to fall into the territories of my old kitchen acquaintance. I'll proceed upon the strength of Teague's message, tho I had no answer.

MRS. D: How is't, man?

OB: Truly, he came forcibly upon me, and I fear has bruised some  
10 intellectuals within my stomach.

MRS. D: Go in, and take some *Irish* slat by way of prevention, and keep yourself warm. [Exit OBADIAH] Now sir, have you any business, that you came in so rudely, as if you did not know who you came to? How came you in, Sir Royster? Was not the porter at the gate?

15 COL. C: No, truly, the gate kept itself, and stood gaping as if it had a mind to speak, and say, I pray, come in.

MRS. D: Did it so, sir? And what have you to say?

COL. C: [Aside] Ay, there's the point; either she does not or will not know me. What should I say? How dull am I! Pox on't, this wit is  
20 like a common friend; when one has need on him he won't come near one.

MRS. D: Sir, are you studying for an invention? For aught I know you have done some mischief, and 'twere well to secure you.

25 COL. C: [Aside] So, that's well; 'twas pretty to fall into the head-quarters of the enemy.

MRS. D: Nay, 'tis e'en so. I'll fetch those that shall examine you.

COL. C: Stay, thou mighty states-woman. I did but give you time to see if your memory would be so honest as to tell you who I am.

30 MRS. D: What d'you mean, sauce-box?

COL. C: There's a word, yet, of thy former employments, that sauce. You and I have been acquainted.

MRS. D: I do not use to have acquaintance with cavaliers.

COL. C: Nor I with Committee-men's utensils; "but *in diebus illis*, you were not so honorable, nor I a malignant. Lord, lord, you are horrible forgetful; pride comes with godliness and good clothes." What, you think I should not know you, because you are disguised with curled hair, and white gloves? Alas! I know you as well as if you were in your Sabbath day's cinnamon waistcoat, "with  
40 a silver edging round the skirt."

MRS. D: How, sirrah?

COL. C: And with your fair hands bathed in lather; or, with

your fragrant breath, driving the fleeting amber grease off from the waving kitchen-stuff.

MRS. D: Oh, you are an impudent cavalier! I remember you now, indeed; but I'll—

5 COL. C: Nay, but hark you, the now honorable *non obstante* past conditions. Did I not send my footman, an *Irishman*, with a civil message to you? Why all this strangeness, then?

MRS. D: How, how, how's this! Was't you that sent the rascal to abuse me? Was't so?

10 COL. C: How now! What, matters grow worse and worse!

MRS. D: I'll teach you to abuse those that are in authority. Within there, who's within!

COL. C: 'Slife, I'll stop your mouth if you raise an alarm.

[She cries out, and he stops her mouth]

15 MRS. D: Stop my mouth, sirrah! Whoo, whoo, ho!

COL. C: Yes, stop your mouth. What, are you good at a whoa-bub, ha?  
*Enter RUTH.*

RUTH: What's the matter, forsooth?

20 MRS. D: The matter! Why, here's a rude cavalier has broke into my house. 'Twas he too that sent the *Irish* rascal to abuse me within my own walls. Call your father, that he may grant his order to secure him. 'Tis a dangerous fellow.

COL. C: Nay, good pretty gentlewoman, spare your motion.—  
*[Aside]* What must become of me? TEAGUE has made some strange

25 mistake.

RUTH: *[Aside]* 'Tis he! What shall I do! Now invention be equal to my love.—Why, your ladyship will spoil all. I sent for this gentleman, and enjoined him secrecy, even to you yourself, till I had made his way. Oh, fie upon't, I am to blame. But in truth I did not think

30 he would have come these two hours.

COL. C: *[Aside]* I dare swear she did not. I might very probably not have come at all.

RUTH: How came you to come so soon, sir? 'Twas three hours before you appointed.

35 COL. C: *[Aside]* Hey day! I shall be made believe I came hither on purpose, presently.

RUTH: 'Twas upon a message of his to me, and please your honor, to make his desires known to your ladyship, that he had considered on't, and was resolved to take the covenant, and give you five hundred

40 pounds to make his peace, and bring his business about again, that he may be admitted in his first condition.

COL. C: What's this?—D'ye hear, pretty gentlewoman?

RUTH: Well, well, I know your mind: I have done your business.

MRS. D: Oh, his stomach's come down!

RUTH: Sweeten him again, and leave him to me; I warrant you the five hundred pounds, and—[She whispers]

5 COL. C: [Aside] Now I have found it. This pretty wench has a mind to be left alone with me, at her peril.

MRS. D: I understand thee.—Well, sir, I can pass by rudeness, when I am informed there was no intention of it. I leave you and my daughter to beget a right understanding. [Exit MRS. DAY]

10 COL. C: [Aside] We should beget sons and daughters sooner. What does all this mean?

RUTH: I am sorry, sir, that your love for me should make you thus rash.

COL. C: That's more than you know; but you had a mind to be 15 left along with me, that's certain.

RUTH: 'Tis too plain, sir; you'd never have run yourself into this danger, else.

COL. C: Nay, now you're out. The danger run after me.

RUTH: You may dissemble.

20 COL. C: Why, 'tis the proper business here. But we lose time. You and I are left to beget a right understanding. Come, which way?

RUTH: Whither?

COL. C: To your chamber, or closet.

RUTH: But I am engaged you shall take the covenant.

25 COL. C: No, I never swear when I am bid.

RUTH: But you would do as bad?

COL. C: That's not against my principles.

RUTH: Thank you for your fair opinion, good Signior Principle. There lies your way, sir. However, I will own so much kindness 30 for you, that I repent not the civility I have done, to free you from the trouble you were like to fall into. Make a leg, if you please, and cry Thank you. And so, the gentlewoman that desired to be left alone with you, desires to be left alone with herself, she being taught a right understanding of you.

35 COL. C: No, I am riveted; nor shall you march off thus with flying colors. My pretty commander-in-chief, let us parley a little farther, and but lay down ingenuously the true state of our treaty. The business in short is this: we differ, seemingly, upon two evils, and mine the least, and therefore to be chosen; you had better take me, 40 than I the covenant.

RUTH: We'll excuse one another.

COL. C: You would not have me take the covenant, then?

RUTH: No, I did but try you. I forgive your idle looseness, for that firm virtue. Be constant to your fair principles, in spite of fortune.

COL. C: What's this got into petticoats!—"but d'ye hear! I'll not excuse you from my proposition, notwithstanding my release. Come,

5 we are half way to a right understanding—nay, I do love thee."

"RUTH: Love virtue. You have but here and there a patch of it; y'are ragged still."

COL. C: Are you not the Committee DAY's daughter?

RUTH: Yes. What then?

10 COL. C: Then am I thankful. I had no defence against thee and matrimony, but thy own father and mother, which are a perfect Committee to my nature.

"RUTH: Why, are you sure I would have matched with a malignant, not a compounder neither?"

15 "COL. C: Nay, I would have made thee a jointure against my will. Methinks it were but as reasonable, that I should do something for my jointure; but by the way of matrimony honestly to increase your generation—this, to tell you truth, is against my conscience."

"RUTH: Yet you would beget right understandings."

20 "COL. C: Yes, I would have 'em all bastards."

"RUTH: And me a whore."

"COL. C: That's a coarse name; but 'tis not fit a Committee-man's daughter should be too honest, to the reproach of her father and mother."

25 RUTH: When the quarrel of this nation is reconciled, you and I shall agree. Till when, sir—

*Enter TEAGUE.*

TEAGUE: Are you here, then? Upon my soul the good Colonel BLUNT is overtaken again now, and carried to the devil, "that he is, i'faith

30 now."

COL. C: How, taken and carried to the devil!

TEAGUE: He desired to go to the devil, "that he did." I wonder of my soul he was not afraid of that.

COL. C: I understand it now. What mischief's this?

35 RUTH: You seem troubled, sir.

COL. C: I have but a life to lose, and that I am weary of. Come, TEAGUE.

RUTH: Hold! You shant go before I know the business. What d'ye talk of?

40 COL. C: My friend, my dearest friend, is caught up by rascally bailiffs, and carried to the Devil-Tavern. Pray let me go.

RUTH: Stay but a minute, if you have any kindness for me.

COL. C: Yes, I do love you.

RUTH: Perhaps I may serve your friend.—

*Enter ARBELLA.*

—Oh, ARBELLA, I was going to seek you.

5 ARB: What's the matter?

RUTH: The colonel which thou likest is taken by bailiffs; there's his friend, too, almost distracted. You know the mercy of these times.

ARB: What dost thou tell me? I am ready to sink down!

10 RUTH: Compose yourself, and help him nobly. You have no way, but to smile upon ABEL, and get him to bail him.

*Enter ABEL and OBADIAH.*

ARB: Look where he and OBADIAH come. Sent hither by Providence.

—Oh Mr. ABEL, where have you been this long time? Can you 15 find of your heart to keep thus out of my sight?

ABEL: Assuredly some important affairs constrained my absence, as OBADIAH can testify, *bona fide*.

(TEAG: The devil break your bones a Friday.)

OB: I can do so verily, myself being a material party.

20 COL. C: Pox on 'em, how slow they speak!

(TEAG: Speak faster.)

ARB: Well, well, you shall go no more out of my sight. I'll not be satisfied with your *bona fide*'s. I have some occasions that call me to go a little way; you shall e'en go with me, and good OBADIAH 25 too. You shall not deny me anything.

ABEL: It is not meet I should. I am exceedingly exalted. OBADIAH thou shalt have the best bargain of all my tenants.

"OB: I am thankful."

"COL. C: [Aside] What may this mean?"

30 ARB: RUTH, how shall we do to keep thy swift mother from pursuing us?

RUTH: Let me alone. As I go by the parlor, where she sits, big with expectation, I'll give her a whisper, that we are going to fetch the very five hundred pounds.

ARB: How can that be?

35 RUTH: No question, now.—Will you march, sir?

COL. C: Whither?

RUTH: Lord, how dull these men in love are!—Why, to your friend. no more words.

COL. C: I will stare upon thee, though.

[*Exeunt*]

## ACT IV

## SCENE I

*Enter COLONEL BLUNT, brought in by BAILIFFS.*

1 BAIL: Ay, ay, we thought how well you'd get bail.

5 COL. B: Why, you unconscionable rascal, are you angry that I am unlucky, or do you want some fees? I'll perish in a dungeon, "before I'll consume with throwing sops to such curs," (before I will give you a farthing.)

1 BAIL: Choose, choose. Come, along with him.

COL. B: I'll not go your pace, neither, rascals; I'll go softly, if it 10 be but to hinder you from taking up some other honest gentleman.

"1 BAIL: Very well, surly sir. We shall carry you where you shall not be troubled what pace to walk. You'll find a large bill. Blood is dear."

"COL. B: Nor yours, is it? A farthing a pint were very dear for the 15 best blood you have."

*Enter ARBELLA, RUTH, ABEL, COLONEL CARELESS, and OBADIAH.*

1 BAIL: How now! Are these any of your friends?

COL. B: Never, if you see women. That's a rule.

ARB: [To ABEL] Nay, you need have no scruple; 'tis a near kinsman of mine. You do not think, I hope, that I would let you suffer—you—that must be nearer than a kinsman to me.

ABEL: But my mother doth not know it.

ARB: If that be all, leave it to me and RUTH. We'll fix you harmless. Besides, I cannot marry, if my kinsman be in prison; he 25 must convey my estate, as you appoint, for 'tis all in him. We must please him.

ABEL: The consideration of that doth convince me. OBADIAH, 'tis necessary for us to set at liberty this gentleman, being a trustee for Mrs. ARBELLA's estate. Tell 'em, therefore, that you and I will 30 bail this gentleman—and—d'ye hear, tell 'em who I am.

OB: I shall.—Gentlemen, this is the honorable Mr. ABEL DAY, the first-born of the honorable Mr. DAY, Chairman of the Committee of Sequestration; and I myself by name OBADIAH, and clerk to the said honorable committee.

35 1 BAIL: Well, sir, we know Mr. DAY, and Mr. ABEL.

ABEL: Yes, that's I; and I will bail this gentleman. I believe you dare not except against my bail. Nay, you shall have OBADIAH's, too, one that the state trusts.

1 BAIL: With all our hearts, sir.—But there are charges to be paid.

ARB: Here, OBADIAH, take this purse and discharge them, and give the bailiffs twenty shillings to drink.

COL. C: This is miraculous!

1 BAIL: A brave lady!—I'faith, mistress, we'll drink your health.

5 ABEL: She's to be my wife, as sure as you are here. What say you to that, now?

1 BAIL: [Aside] That's impossible. Here's something more in this.—Honorable Mr. ABEL, the sheriff's deputy is hard by in another room, if you please to go thither and give your bail, sir.

10 ABEL: Well, show us the way, and let him know who I am.

[*Exeunt ABEL, OBADIAH, and BAILIFFS*]

COL. C: Hark ye, pretty Mrs. RUTH, if you were not a committee-man's daughter, and so consequently against monarchy, two princes should have you and that gentlewoman.

15 RUTH: No, no, you'll serve my turn; I am not ambitious.

COL. C: Do but swear then, that thou art not the issue of Mr. DAY; and tho' I know 'tis a lie, I'll be content to be cozened, and believe.

RUTH: Fie, fie! You can't abide taking of oaths. Look, look, 20 how your friend and mine take aim at one another. Is he smitten?

COL. C: *Cupid* hath not such another wounded subject; nay, and is vexed he is in love, too. Troth, 'tis partly my own case.

RUTH: Peace. She begins, as needs require.

ARB: You are free, sir.

25 COL. B: Not so free as you think.

ARB: What hinders it?

COL. B: Nothing, that I'll tell you.

ARB: Why, sir?

COL. B: You'll laugh at me.

30 ARB: Have you perceived me apt to commit such a rudeness? Pray let me know it.

COL. B: Upon two conditions you shall know it.

ARB: Well! Make your own laws.

COL. B: First, I thank ye; y'have freed me nobly. Pray believe 35 it; you have this acknowledgment from an honest heart, one that would crack a string for you. That's one thing.

ARB: Well! The other.

COL. B: The other is only, that I may stand so ready, that I may be gone just as I have told it you; together with your promise 40 not to call me back; and upon these terms I give you leave to laugh when I am gone. CARELESS, come stand ready, that, at the sign given, we may vanish together.

RUTH: If you please sir, when you are ready to start, I'll cry one, two, three, and away.

COL. B: Be pleased to forebear, good smart gentlewoman. You have leave to jeer, when I am gone, and I am just going. By your 5 spleen's leave, a little patience.

ARB: Prithee, peace.

RUTH: I shall contain, sir.

COL. B: That's much for a woman to do.

ARB: Now, sir, perform your promise.

10 COL. B: CARELESS, have you done with your woman?

COL. C: Madam—

COL. B: Nay, I have thanked her already. Prithee, no more of that dull way of gratitude. Stand ready, man; yet nearer the door—so. Now my misfortune that I promised to discover, is, that I love 15 you above my sense or reason. So farewell, and laugh. Come, CARELESS.

COL. C: Ladies, our lives are yours; "be but so kind as to believe it, till you have something to command." [Exeunt]

RUTH: Was there ever such humour?

20 ARB: As I live, his confession shows nobly.

RUTH: It shows madly, I am sure. An ill-bred fellow, not endure a woman to laugh at him.

ARB: He's honest, I dare swear.

RUTH: That's more than I dare swear for my colonel.

25 ARB: Out upon him.

RUTH: Nay, 'tis but for want of a good example; I'll make him so.

ARB: But d'ye hear, RUTH, we were horribly to blame, that we did not enquire where they lodged, under pretence of sending to them about their own benefits.

30 RUTH: "Why, thy whimsical colonel discharged himself off like a gun. There was no time between the flashing in the pan and the going off, to ask a question. But hark ye." I have an invention upon the old account of the five hundred pounds, which shall make ABEL send his pursuivant, OBADIAH, to look for 'em.

35 ARB: Excellent! The trout ABEL will bite immediately at that bait "The message shall be as from his Master DAY, Senior, to come and speak with him. They'll think presently 'tis about their composition, and come certainly. In the meantime we'll prepare them with counter expectations."

40

*Enter ABEL and OBADIAH.*

RUTH: You have it; peace. See where ABEL and the gentle 'squire

of low degree, OBADIAH, approach, having newly entered themselves into bonds.

ARB: Which I'll be sure to tell his mother, if he be ever more troublesome.

5 RUTH: And that he's turned an arrant cavalier, by bailing one of the brood.

ABEL: I have, according to your desires, given freedom to your kinsman and trustee; I suppose he doth perceive that you may have power, in right of me.

10 ARB: Good Mr. ABEL, I am sincerely beholden to you, and your authority.

RUTH: Oh, fie upon't, brother, I did forget to acquaint you with a business before the gentlemen went. Oh me, what a sieve-like memory have I! 'Twas an important affair, too.

15 ABEL: If you discover it to me, I shall render you my opinion upon the whole.

RUTH: The two gentlemen have repented of their obstinacy, and would now present five hundred pounds to your good honorable mother, to stand their friend, that they may be permitted to take the  
20 covenant; and we, negligent we, have let them go, before we knew where to send for them.

ABEL: That was the want of being used to important affairs. It is ill to neglect the accepting of their conversion, together with their money.

25 RUTH: Well, there is but one way. "Do you send OBADIAH, in your father's name, to desire them both to come to his house about some business that will be for their good; but no more, for then they'll take it ill, for they enjoined us secrecy. And when they come, let us alone." OBADIAH may inquire them out "at some tavern."

30 OB: The bailiffs did say they were gone to the Devil—"Tavern, to pay a reckoning."

ABEL: Hasten thither, good OBADIAH, as if you had met my honorable father, and desire them to come unto his house, about an important affair that is for their good.

35 OB: I shall use expedition. [Exit]

ARB: And we will hasten "home, lest the gentlemen should be before us, and not know how to address their offers; and then we will hasten" our being united in the bonds of matrimony.

40 ARB: Soft and fair goes far. [Exeunt]

## [SCENE 2]

*Enter the two COLONELS and TEAGUE, at the Tavern.*

COL. C: Did ever man get away so crafty from the thing he liked? Terrible business! Afraid to tell a woman what she desired to hear.

5 "I pray heartily that the boys do not come to the knowledge of thy famous retreat; we shall be followed by those small birds, as you have seen an owl pursued."

"COL. B: I shall break some of their wings then."

COL. C: To leave a handsome woman! A woman that came to be 10 bound body for body for thee! One that does that which no woman will hardly do again."

COL. B: What's that?

COL. C: Love thee, and thy blunt humor; a mere chance, man; "a thing besides all the fortunate stars." (Come TEAGUE, give us a 15 song.)

(TEAGUE: I am a cup too low.)

(COL. C: Here, then. [Gives him a glass])

(TEAG: I should like to wet t'other eye.)

(COL. C: Here, then.)

20 (S O N G by TEAGUE)

(Last *Patrick-mass* night, 'bove all days in the year,  
I set out for *London* before I got there;  
But when I took leave of my own natural shore,  
Oh, whillil-a-lu, I did screech, bawl, and roar.)

25 (I did wake in the morning, while yet it was night,  
And could not see one bit of land, but was quite out of sight.  
So, with tumbling and tossing, and jolting poor TEAGUE  
My stomach was sea-sick in less than a league.)

30 (At *Chester*, to show my high birth, and great mind,  
I took a place in the coach, but walked in it behind.  
The seas they did roar, and the winds were uncivil;  
And, upon my soul, I thought we were all blown to the devil.)

35 (At *Coventry* next, where you see peeping TOM,  
Who was killed for a look at the Duchess's bum;  
But when her grace rid on her saddle all bare,  
Devil burn me, no wonder that old *Snob* did stare.)

"COL. B: You practice your wit to no purpose. I am not to be persuaded to lie still, like a jack-a-lent, to be cast at; I had rather

be a wisp hung up for a woman to scold at, than a fixed lover for 'em to point at. Your squib began to hiss."

*Enter OBADIAH.*

COL. C: Peace, man, here's *Jupiter's Mercury*. Is his message to us,  
5 trow?

OB: Gentlemen, you are opportunely overtaken and found out.

COL. B: How's this?

OB: I come unto you in the name of the honorable Mr. DAY, who  
desires to speak with you both about some important affair, which is  
10 conduced for your good.

COL. B: What train is this?

COL. C: Peace. Let us not be rash.—TEAGUE!

"TEAG: Well then."

COL. C: [Aside] Were it not possible that you could entertain  
15 this fellow in the next room, till he were pretty drunk?

TEAG: I warrant you that now. I will make him and myself too  
drunk, for thy sweet sake.

COL. C: Be sure, TEAGUE.—Some business, sir, that will take  
us up a very little time to finish, makes us desire your patience till  
20 we despatch it. In the mean time, sir, do us the favor as to call for  
a glass of sack, in the next room. TEAGUE shall wait upon you, and  
drink your master's health.

OB: It needeth not, nor do I use to drink healths.

COL. C: None but your master's, sir, and that by way of remem-  
25 brance.

OB: We that have the affairs of state under our tuition cannot  
long delay; my presence may be required for the carrying on the work.

COL. C: Nay, sir, it shall not exceed above a quarter of an hour;  
perhaps we'll wait upon you to Mr. DAY presently. Pray sir, drink  
30 but one glass or two. We would wait upon you ourselves, but that  
would hinder us from going with you.

OB: Upon that consideration I shall attend a little.

COL. C: Go wait upon him.—Now, TEAGUE, or never.

TEAG: I will make him so drunk as can be, upon my soul.

35 [Exeunt TEAGUE & OBADIAH]

COL. B: What a devil should this message mean?

COL. C: 'Tis too plain. This cream of committee rascals, who has  
better intelligence than a state-secretary, has heard of his son ABEL's  
being hampered, in the cause of the wicked, and in revenge would  
40 entice us to perdition.

COL. B: If TEAGUE could be so fortunate as to make him drunk,  
we might know all.

"COL. C: If the close-hearted rogue will not be open-mouthed, we'll leave him pawned for all our scores, and stuff his pockets with blank commissions."

"COL. B: Only fill up one with his master's name."

5 "COL. C: And another with his wife's name for adjutant general, together with a bill of ammunition hid under DAY's house, and make it be digged down, with scandal of delinquency. A rascal, to think to invite us into Newgate!"

"COL. B: Well, we must resolve what to do."

10 "COL. C: I have a fancy come into my head, that may produce an admirable scene."

"COL. B: Come, let's hear."

"COL. C: 'Tis upon supposition, that TEAGUE makes him drunk; and, by the way, 'tis a good omen that we have no sober apparition 15 in that wavering posture of frailty. We'll send him home in a sedan, and cause him to be delivered in that good-natured condition to the ill-natured rascal, his master."

"COL. B: It will be excellent. How I pray for TEAGUE to be victorious!"

20 *Enter MUSICIAN.*

MUS: Gentlemen, will you have any music?

COL. B: Prithee no, we are out of tune.

COL. C: Pish! We shall never be out of humor. "Dost hear? Canst sing us a malignant sonnet?"

25 "MUS: I can sing many songs. You seem honest gentlemen."

"COL. C: Cavaliers, thou meanest. Sing without any apprehension."

### "S O N G"

"Now the veil is pulled off, and this pitiful nation  
Too late sees the gull of a Kirk-reformation.

30                   How all things that should be  
                      Are turned topsy-turvy;  
                      The freedom we have,  
                      Our prince made a slave,

And the masters must now turn the waiters.

35                   The great ones obey  
                      While the rascals do sway,  
                      And the loyal to rebels are traitors."

"The pulpits are crowded with tongues of their own,  
And the preachers spiritual committee-men grown;

40                   To denounce sequestration  
                      On souls of old fashion.

They rail and they pray,  
Till they quite preach away  
The wealth that was once the wise city's.  
5                   The courts in the hall,  
                     Where the lawyers did bawl,  
Are turned into pious committees."

"COL. C: This song has raised my spirits. Here, sing always for the king. I would have every man in his way do something for him; I would have fiddlers sing for him, parsons pray for him, men 10 fight for him, women scold for him, and children cry for him; and according to this rule, TEAGUE is drinking for him. But see, ——"

*Enter TEAGUE and OBADIAH, drunk.*

—See and rejoice where TEAGUE with laurel comes.  
COL. B: And the vanquished OBADIAH, with nothing fixed about 15 him but his eyes.

"COL. C: Stay. Sing another song in the behalf of compounders, if thou canst, that the vapors of the wine may have full power to ascend up to the firmament of his truly reformed coxcomb."

"S O N G [Obadiah repeating with him]"

20                   "Come, drawer, some wine,  
                     Let it sparkle and shine,  
And make its own drops fall a bounding;  
                     Like the hearts it makes light,  
                     Let it flow pure and right,  
25                   And a plague take all kind of compounding."

"We'll not be too wise,  
Nor try to advise,  
How to suffer and gravely despair:  
                     For wisdom and parts  
30                   Sit brooding on hearts,  
And there they catch nothing but care."

"Not a thought shall come in  
But what brings our king.  
Let committees be damned with their gain.  
35                   We'll send by this stealth  
                     To our hearts our king's health,  
And there in despite he shall reign."

"COL. C: This is sport beyond modest hopes. How I will adore sack, that can force this fellow to religion. The rogue is full of worship."

TEAG: Well, now, upon my soul, Mr. OBADIAH sings as well as 5 the man now. Come then, will you sing an *Irish* song after me?

OB: I will sing *Irish* for the king now.

TEAG: I will sing for the king as well as you. Hark you now.

[*He sings an Irish song, and OBADIAH tries*]

(S O N G)

10 (Oh, TEADY-foley, you are my darling,  
You are my looking-glass, both night and morning.  
I had rather have you without a farthing,  
Than BRYAN GAULICCHAR, with his house and garden.  
Lal, ral lidy.)

15 (Oh, NORAH, agra, I do not doubt you,  
And for that reason I kiss and mouth you;  
And if there was ten and twenty about you,  
Devil burn me, if I would go without you.  
Lal, ral lidy.)

20 OB: That is too hard stuff. I cannot do these and these material matters.

TEAG: Here now, we will take some snuff for the king—so, there, lay it upon your hand; put one of your noses to it now; so—snuff now. Upon my soul, Mr. OBED. Commit. will make a brave *Irishman*.

25 (Put this in your other nose.)

OB: I will snuff for the king no more. Good Mr. TEAGUE, give me some more sack, and sing *English*, for my money.

TEAG: I will tell you that *Irish* is as good and better too. Come now, we will dance. Can you play an Irish tune? "Can you play 30 this now?"

"MUS: No sir, but I can play you an excellent *Irish* jig."

"[They dance]"

"COL. C: This is beyond thought! So, this motion, like a tumbled barrel, has set the liquor working again. Now for a chair."

35 "COL. B: Drawer! Who waits there?"

"Enter DRAWER."

"DRAWER: What d'you want, gentlemen?"

"COL. B: Call a chair presently, and bring it into this room. Here's a friend of ours overtaken."

40 "DRAWER: I go, sir."

"[Exit]"

"COL. C: TEAGUE, thou hast done miracles. Thou art a good omen, and hast vanquished the cause, in the overthrow of this counterfeit rascal, its true epitome. And now, TEAGUE, according to the words of condemnation, we'll send him to the place from whence he 5 came."

"TEAG: Upon my soul, he's dead now. Shall I howl, as we do in Ireland?"

"COL. C: How's that, TEAGUE?"

"TEAG: Yo! Yo!" "[Howls.]"

10 "COL. C: No more, good TEAGUE, lest you give an alarm to the enemy.—"

*"Enter CHAIRMEN with a chair."*

"—Welcome, honest fellow. By your looks you seem so."

"1 CHAIR: How, Colonel, have you forgot your poor soldier NED?"

15 "COL. C: Why, this is a miraculous pursuit of good fortune! Honest NED. What, turned chairman?"

"1 CHAIR: Anything for bread and butter, noble Colonel. Shall I have the honor to carry you?"

"COL. C: No, NED. Is thy fellow honest?"

20 "1 CHAIR: Or I'd be hanged before I'd carry an inch with him."

"COL. C: 'Tis well.—Look you, NED, that fellow is Mr. DAY, the committee-man's clerk, whom with wonderful industry we have made drunk. Just as he is, pack him up in thy chair, and immediately transport him to his master DAY's house, and in the very hall turn 25 him out. There's half a crown for thy pains."

"1 CHAIR: If I fail, say NED's a coward. Come, shall we put your short-winged worship into your mew? Come along."

"[They put him in and go out]"

30 "COL. C: Farewell, NED. TEAGUE, come, you must carry some money to one or two confident friends of mine. We'll pay our reckoning at the bar, then go home and laugh; and, if you will, plot some way to see our enchanting females once more. They make me so long—"

"[Exeunt]"

[SCENE 3]

35

*Enter MR. DAY and MRS. DAY.*

MRS. D: Dispatch quickly, I say; and say I said it. Many things fall between the lip and the cup.

MR. D: Nay, duck, let thee alone for counsel. Ah, if thou hadst been a man!

40 MRS. D: Why then you would have wanted a woman, and a helper too.

MR. D: I profess so I should, and a notable one too, though I say't before thy face, and that's no ill one.

MRS. D: Come, come, you are wandering from the matter. Dispatch the marriage, I say, whilst she is thus taken with our ABEL.

5 Women are uncertain.

MR. D: How if she should be coy?

MRS. D: You are at your *ifs* again. If she be foolish, tell her plainly what she must trust to; no ABEL, no land; plain dealing's a jewel. Have you the writings drawn as I advised you, which she

10 must sign?

MR. D: Ay, I warrant you, duck; here, here they be. Oh, she has a brave estate!

MRS. D: What news you have!

MR. D: Look you, wife,— [DAY pulls out writings, and lays out his keys]

15 MRS. D: Pish, teach your grannam to spin; let me see.

*Enter a SERVANT.*

SERV: May it please your honor, your good neighbor Zachariah is departing this troublesome life. He has made your honor his executor, but cannot depart till he has seen your honors.

20 MR. D: Alas, alas! A good man will leave us. Come, good duck, let us hasten. Where is OBADIAH, to usher you?

MRS. D: Why, OBADIAH!—A varlet, to be out of the way at such a time; truly he moveth my wrath. Come, husband, along. I'll take ABEL in his place. [Exeunt]

25

*Enter RUTH and ARBELL.*

RUTH: What's the meaning of this alarm? There's some carrion discovered; the crows are all gone upon a sudden.

ARB: The She-DAY called most fiercely for OBADIAH. Look here, RUTH, what they have left behind.

30 RUTH: As I live, it is the DAY's bunch of keys, which he always keeps so closely.—Well—if thou hast any mettle, now's the time.

ARB: To do what?

RUTH: To fly out of *Egypt*.

*Enter ABEL.*

35 ARB: Peace. We are betrayed else. As sure as can be, wench, he's come back for the keys.

RUTH: We'll forswear 'em in confident words, and no less confident countenances.

ABEL: An important affair hath called my honorable father and

40 mother forth, and in the absence of OBADIAH I am enforced to attend

their honors; "and therefore I conceived it right and meet to acquaint you with it; lest in my absence you might have apprehended that some mischance had befallen my person. Therefore I desire you to receive consolation." And so I bid you heartily farewell. [Exit]

5 ARB. Given from his mouth, this tenth of *April*.—He put me in a cruel fright.

RUTH: "As I live, I am all over such a dew as hangs about a still, when 'tis first set agoing; but this is better and better. There was never such an opportunity to break prison. I know the very 10 places, the holes in his closet where the composition of your estate lies, and where the deeds of my own estate lie. I have cast my eye upon them often, when I have gone up to him in errands, and to call him to dinner." If I miss, hang me.

ARB: But whither shall we go?

15 RUTH: To a friend of mine, and of my father's, that lives near the *Temple*, and will harbor us. Fear not; and so set up for ourselves, and get our colonels.

ARB: Nay, the mischief that I have done, and the condition we are in, makes me as ready as thou art. Come, let's about it.

20 RUTH: Stay. Do you stand sentinel here; that's the closet window; I'll call for thee if I need thee; and be sure to give notice of any news of the enemy. [Exit RUTH]

ARB: I warrant thee.—"May but this departing brother have so much string of life left him, as may tie this expecting DAY to his 25 bedside, till we have committed this honest robbery."—Hark—What's that?—This apprehension can make a noise when there is none.

RUTH: I have 'em, I have 'em! Nay, the whole covey, and his seal at arms, bearing a dog's leg. [Calls from above]

30 ARB: Come, make haste then.

"RUTH: As I live, here's a letter counterfeited from the king, to the rascal his rebellious subject DAY; with a remembrance to his discreet wife. Nay, what dost thou think there are? I'll but cast my eye upon these papers, that were schismatical, and lay in separation. What dost thou think they are?"

"ARB: I can't tell. Nay, prithee, come away."

"RUTH: Out upon the precise baboon! They are letters from two wenches; one for an increase of salary to maintain his unlawful issue; another from a wench that had more conscience than he, and refused 40 to take the physic that he prescribed to take away a natural tympany."

ARB: Nay, prithee despatch."

"RUTH: Here be abundance more. Come, run up, and help me carry 'em. We'll take the whole index of his rogueries. We shall be furnished with such arms, offensive and defensive, that we shall never need sue to him for a league. Come, make haste."

5 "ARB: I come."

"[Exit]"

"Enter CHAIRMEN with OBADIAH in the Chair."

"1 CHAIR: Come, open this portable tomb. 'Slife, here's nothing in it; ferret him, or he'll never bolt. It looks as if we had brought a basket hare, to be set down and hunted."

10 "2 CHAIR: He's dead."

"1 CHAIR: Dead drunk, thou meanest. Turn up the chair, and turn him out, as they do badgers caught in a sack. Shake, man. So, now he sallies."

OBADIAH *tumbles out of the chair, and sings as at the tavern, some of*

15 *the song.—Then enter ARBELLA and RUTH, from robbing the closet.*"

"ARB: What's this? We are undone."

"OB: Mr. TEAGUE! Will you dance, Mr. TEAGUE?"

"RUTH: Put a good face on't, or give me the van. Oh, 'tis OBADIAH fallen."

20 "ARB: Nay, and cannot rise, neither. D'ye hear, honest friends, was this zealous gentleman your freight?"

"1 CHAIR: Yes, mistress. Two honest gentlemen took care of him, seeing him thus devoutly overtaken."

"ARB: It was our colonels, that thought DAY sent him to trapan them, as sure as can be."

25 "RUTH: No doubt on't. How unmerciful they are, ARBELLA, every minute to do something or other to increase our whimsy.—Are you paid?"

"1 CHAIR: Yes, mistress.—'Slife, we shall be paid double."

30 "RUTH: Stay. Where did you leave the two careful minded gentlemen?"

"1 CHAIR: Why do you ask, mistress?"

"RUTH: For no hurt. Canst carry us near the place?"

"1 CHAIR: Yes, mistress.—Sure there's no danger in women."

35 "ARB. [To RUTH] What dost mean?"

"RUTH: The same that thou dost. To see 'em, if I can.—Is't near Temple-Bar?" "[OBADIAH sings]"

"1 CHAIR: Hard by, mistress."

"RUTH: Come in. There's my friend lies hard by. Fear not; we 40 can never fly so concealed.—May that nightingale continue his note till the owl DAY returns to hear him.—Come, honest fellow, stop over against the place where you left the gentlemen. We have some busi-

ness with them; we'll pay you, and they'll thank you. So good night,  
Mr. DAY."

"1 CHAIR: I warrant you, mistress. Come along, TOM." [Exeunt all  
but OBADIAH]

5 OB: Some small beer, good Mr. TEAGUE.

*Enter as returned, MR. DAY, MRS. DAY, and ABEL.*

MR. D: He made a good end, and departed as unto sleep.

MRS. D: I'll assure you his wife took on grievously; I do not believe she'll marry this half year.

10 MR. D: He died full of exhortation. Ha, duck, shouldst be sorry to lose me?

MRS. D: Lose you! I warrant you you'll live as long as a better thing.—[OBADIAH sings] —Ah, lord, what's that?

15 MR. D: How now! What's this? How!—OBADIAH—and in a drunken distemper, assuredly!

MRS. D: Oh fie upon't! Who would have believed that we should have lived to have seen OBADIAH overcome with the creature?—where have you been, sirrah?

OB: D—d—drinking the ki—ki—king's health.

20 MR. D: Oh terrible! Some disgrace put upon us, and shame brought within our walls. I'll go lock up my neighbor's will, and come down and show him a reproof.—How—how—I cannot feel my keys—nor—[He feels in his pocket and leaps up]—hear 'em jingle. Didst thou see my keys, duck?

25 MRS. D: Duck me no ducks. I see your keys! See a fool's head of your own. Had I kept them, I warrant they had been forthcoming. You are so slappish, you throw 'em up and down at your tail. Why don't you go look if you have left them in the door?

MR. D: I go, I go, duck.

[Exit]

30 MRS. D: Here, ABEL, take up this fallen creature, who has left his uprightness; carry him to a bed, and when he is returned to himself, I will exhort him.

ABEL: He is exceedingly overwhelmed. [He goes to lift him up]

35 OB: Stand away, I say, and give me some sack, that I may drink a health to the king, and let committees be damned with their gain. [OBADIAH sings *Teady-Foley*] Where's Mr. TEAGUE?

*Enter MR. DAY.*

MR. D: Undone, undone! Robbed, robbed! The door's left open, and all my writings and papers stolen. Undone, undone!—RUTH!

40 RUTH!

MRS. D: Why RUTH, I say! Thieves, thieves!

*Enter SERVANT.*

SERV: What's the matter! Forsooth, here has been no thieves. I have not been a minute out of the house.

MRS. D: Where's RUTH, and Mrs. ARBELLA?

SERV: I have not seen them a pretty while.

5 MR. D: 'Tis they have robbed me, and taken away the writings of both their estates. Undone, undone!

MRS. D: [To ABEL] This came of staying for you, coxcomb; we had come back sooner else. You slow drone, we must be undone for your dulness.

10 OB: Be not in wrath.

MRS. D: I'll wrath you, ye rascal you. I'll teach you, you drunken rascal, and you sober dull man.

OB: Your feet are swift and violent; their motion will make them fume.

15 MRS. D: D'ye lie too, ye drunken rascal?

MR. D: Nay, patience, good duck, and let's lay out for these women; they are the thieves.

MRS. D: 'Twas you that left your keys upon the table to tempt them. Ye need cry, good duck, be patient. Bring in the drunken

20 rascal, ye booby. When he is sober, he may discover something. Come, take him up. I'll have 'em hunted.

[*Exeunt MR. DAY and MRS. DAY*]

ABEL: I rejoice yet in the midst of my sufferings, that my mistress saw not my rebukes. Come, OBADIAH, I pray raise yourself upon

25 your feet, and walk.

OB: Have you taken the covenant? That's the question.

ABEL: Yea.

OB: And will you drink a health to the king? That's t'other

30 question.

ABEL: Make not thyself a scorn.

OB: Scorn in my face! Void, young Satan.

ABEL: I pray you, walk in; I shall be assisting.

OB: Stand off, and you shall perceive by my steadfast going, 35 that I am not drunk. Look ye now—so, softly, softly; gently, good OBADIAH, gently and steadily, for fear it should be said that thou art in drink. So, gently and uprightly, OBADIAH [*He moves his legs, but keeps in the same place*]

ABEL: You do not move.

40 OB: Then I stand still, as fast as you go.

*Enter MRS. DAY.*

MRS. D: What, stay all day? [To ABEL] There's for you, sir; you are a sweet youth to leave in trust. [To OBADIAH] Along, you drunken rascal. I'll set you both forward.

OB: The Philistines are upon us, and day is broke loose from darkness. High keeping has made her fierce.

[*She beats them off*]

MRS. D: Out, you drunken rascal. I'll make you move, you beast.

[*Exeunt*]

10

## A C T V

## SCENE 1

"*Enter BOOKSELLER and BAILIFFS, having laid hold on TEAGUE.*"

"BOOK: Come along, sir; I'll teach you to take covenants."

"TEAG: Will you teach me then? Did I not take it then? Why  
15 will you teach me, now?"

"BOOK: You shall pay dearly for the blows you struck me, my wild *Irish*; by Saint *Patrick*, you shall."

"TEAG: What would you have now to do with Saint *Patrick*? He will scorn your covenant."

20 "BOOK: I'll put you, sir, where you shall have worse liquor than your bonny-clabber."

"TEAG: Bonny-clabber! By my godship's hand, now, you are a rascal if you do not love bonny-clabber, and I will break your pate if you will not let me go to my master."

25 "BOOK: Oh, you are an impudent rascal. Come, away with him."

"*Enter COLONEL CARELESS.*"

"COL. C: How now! Hold, my friend. Whither do you carry my servant?"

"BOOK: I have arrested him, sir, for striking me, and taking  
30 away my books."

"COL. C: What has he taken away?"

"BOOK: Nay, the value of the thing is not much; 'twas the covenant, sir."

35 "TEAG: Well, I did take the covenant, and my master took it from me; and we have taken the covenant then, have we not?"

"COL. C: Here, honest fellow, here's more than thy covenant's worth. Here, bailiffs, here's for you to drink."

"BOOK: Well, sir, you seem an honest gentleman; for your sake, and in hopes of your custom, I release him."

40 "1 BAIL: Thank ye, noble sir."

[*Exeunt BOOKSELLER and BAILIFFS*]"

COL. C: "Farewell, my noble friends.—So—d'ye hear, TEAGUE, pray take no more covenants."—Have you paid the money I sent you with?

TEAG: Yes; but I will carry no more, look you there now.

5 COL. C: Why, TEAGUE?

TEAG: God fa' my soul, now, I shall run away with it.

COL. C: Pish, thou art too honest.

TEAG: That I am too, upon my soul now; but the devil is not honest, that he is not. He would not let me alone when I was going;

10 but he made me go to this little long place, and t'other little long place; and my soul was carrying me to *Ireland*, for he made me go by a dirty place like a lough, now; and therefore I know now it was the way to *Ireland*. Then I would stand still, and then he would make me go on; and then I would go to one side, and he would make

15 me go to t'other side. And then I got a little farther, and did run then; and upon my soul the devil could not catch me; and then I did pay the money. But I will carry no more money, now, that I will not.

COL. C: But thou shalt, TEAGUE, when I have more to send. Thou art proof now against temptations.

20 TEAG: Well, then, if you send me with money again, and if I do not come to thee upon the time, the devil will make me be gone then with the money. Here's a paper for thee; 'tis a quit way. indeed.

COL. C: That's well said, TEAGUE.— [Reads]

25 *Enter MR. DAY, OBADIAH, and SOLDIERS.*

OB: See, sir, Providence hath directed us; there is one of them that clothed me with shame, and the most malignant among the wicked.

MR. D: Soldiers, seize him. I charge him with treason. Here's a warrant to the keeper, as I told you.

"1 SOLDIER.: Nay, no resistance now."

COL. C: What's the matter, rascals?

MR. D: You shall know that to your cost hereafter. Away with him.

35 COL. C: TEAGUE, tell 'em I shall not come home tonight. I am engaged.

TEAG: I prithee, ben't engaged.

COL. C: Gentlemen, I am guilty of nothing, that I know of.

MR. D: That will appear, sir.—Away with him.

40 TEAG: What will you do with my master now?

MR. D: Be quiet, sir, or you shall go with him.

TEAG: That I will, for all you now, (you old fool).

COL. C: TEAGUE, come hither.

(TEAG: Sir?)

(COL. C: [Whispers] Here, take this key, open my bureau, and burn all the papers you find there; and here, burn this letter.)

5 TEAG: (Pray, give me that pretty, clean letter, to send my mother.) "Must I not go with you, then?"

COL. C: No no. Be sure to do as I tell you.

MR. D: Away with him. We will be avenged on the scorner; and I'll go home and tell my duck this part of my good fortune. [Exeunt]

10 "Enter CHAIRMEN with a Sedan. The WOMEN come out."

"RUTH: So far we are right.—Now, honest fellow, stop over, and tell the two gentlemen, that we two women desire to speak with them."

*Enter COLONEL BLUNT and LIEUTENANT.*

"1 CHAIR: See, mistress, here's one of them."

15 RUTH: That's thy Colonel, ARBELLA. Catch him quickly, or he'll fly again.

ARB: What should I do?

RUTH: Put forth some good words, "as they use to shake oats when they go to catch a skittish jade." Advance.

20 ARB: Sir.

COL. B: Lady—'tis she.

ARB: I wish, sir, that my friend and I had some conveniency of speaking with you. We now want the assistance of some noble friend.

25 COL. B: Then I am happy. Bring me but to do something for you; I would have my actions talk, not I. My friend will be here immediately. I dare speak for him too—pardon my last confusion, but what I told you was as true as if I had stayed—

RUTH: To make *affidavit* of it.

30 COL. B: Good overcharged gentlewoman, spare me but a little.

ARB: Prithee peace. Canst thou be merry, and we in this condition?—Sir, I do believe you noble, truly worthy. If we might withdraw any whither out of sight, I would acquaint you with the business.

35 LIEU: My house, ladies, is at that door, where both the Colonels lodge. Pray command it. Colonel CARELESS will immediately be here.

*Enter TEAGUE.*



TEAG: "Well now," (he will not come.) My good master will not come. That Commit rogue DAY has got him with men in red 40 coats, and he is gone to prison here below this street. He would not let me go with him, i'faith, but made me come to tell thee now.

RUTH: Oh my heart.—Tears, by your leave awhile—[Wipes her eyes] D'ye hear, ARBELLA, here, take all the trinkets, only the bait that I'll use. “Accept of this gentleman's house; there let me find thee. I'll try my skill. Nay, talk not.” [Exit]

5 COL. B: CARELESS in prison! Pardon me madam; I must leave you for a little while. Pray be confident. “This honest friend of mine will use you with all respects till I return.”

ARB: What do you mean to do, sir?

COL. B: I cannot tell; yet I must attempt something. You shall 10 have a sudden account of all things. You say you dare believe. Pray be as good as your word; and whatever accident befalls me, know I love you dearly. “Why do you weep?”

“ARB: Do not run yourself into a needless danger.”

“COL. B: How! D'ye weep for me? Pray let me see. Never 15 woman did so before, that I know of. I am ravished with it; the round gaping earth ne'er sucked showers so greedily, as my heart drinks these. Pray, if you love me, be but so good and kind as to confess it.”

“ARB: Do not ask what you may tell yourself.”

20 “COL. B: I must go; honor and friendship call me. Here, Lieutenant, I never had a jewel but this. Use it as right ones should be used; do not breathe upon it, but gaze, as I do—hold—one word more. The soldier that you often talked of to me is still honest?”

“LIEU: Most perfectly.”

25 “COL. B: And I may trust him?”

“LIEU: With your life.”

“COL. B: Enough.—Pray let me leave my last looks fixed upon you—so, I love you, and am honest. Be careful, good Lieutenant, of this treasure—she weeps still”—I cannot go, and yet I must.— [Exit]

30 LIEU: Madam, pray let my house be honored with you. Be confident of all respect and faith.

“ARB: What uncertainties pursue my love and fortune.” [Exeunt]

[SCENE 2]

*Enter RUTH with a SOLDIER.*

35 RUTH: Come, give me the bundle; so, now the habit; 'tis well; there's for your pains! Be secret, and wait where I appointed you.

SOL: If I fail, may I die in a ditch, and there lie, and outstink it.

[Exit]

RUTH: Now for my wild Colonel. “First, here's a note with my lady 40 DAY's seal to it, for his release. If that fails—as he that will shoot at these rascals must have two strings to his bow—then here's my red-

coat's skin to disguise him, and a string to draw up a ladder of cords, which I have prepared against it grows dark. One of them will hit sure. I must have him out, and I must have him when he is out. I have no patience to expect." Within there—ho!—

5                   *Enter KEEPER.*

RUTH: Have you not a prisoner, sir, in your custody, one Colonel CARELESS?

KEEP: Yes, mistress; and committed by your father, Mr. DAY.

"RUTH: I know it; but there was a mistake in it. Here's a warrant for  
10 his delivery, under his hand and seal."

"KEEP: I would willingly obey it, mistress; but there's a general order come from above, that all the king's party should be kept close, and none released but by the state's order."

"RUTH: This goes ill."—May I speak with him, sir?

15 KEEP: Very freely, mistress; there's no order to forbid any to come to him. To say truth, 'tis the most pleasantest gentleman.—I'll call him forth.                   [*Exit*]

RUTH: O'my conscience, everything must be in love with him. Now for my last hopes; if this fail I'll use the ropes myself.

20                   *Enter KEEPER and CARELESS.*

COL. C: Mr. DAY's daughter speak with me?

KEEPER: Ay, sir, there she is.                   [*Exit*]

RUTH: Oh sir, does the name of Mr. DAY's daughter trouble you? You love the gentlewoman, but hate his daughter.

25 COL. C: Yes, I do love that gentlewoman you speak of most exceedingly.

RUTH: And the gentlewoman loves you. But what luck this is, that DAY's daughter should ever be with her, to spoil all!

COL. C: Not a whit, one way; I have a pretty room within, dark, and  
30 convenient.

RUTH: For what?

COL. C: For you and I to give counter-security for our kindness to one another.

RUTH: But Mrs. DAY's daughter will be there too.

35 COL. C: 'Tis dark. We'll ne'er see her.

RUTH: You care not who you are wicked with; methinks a prison should tame you.

"COL. C: Why, d'ye think a prison takes away blood and fight? As long as I am so qualified, I am touchwood, and whenever you bring  
40 fire, I shall fall a burning."

"RUTH: And you would quench it."

"COL. C: And you shall kindle it again."

"RUTH: No, you will be burnt out at last, burnt to a coal, black as dishonest love."

COL. C: Is this your business? Did you come to disturb my contemplations with a sermon? Is this all?

RUTH: One thing more. I love you, it's true; but I love you honestly. If you know how to love me virtuously, I'll free you from prison, and run all fortunes with you.

COL. C: Yes, I could love thee all manner of ways; if "I could not, freedom were no bait. Were it from death, I should despise your offer, to bargain for a lie."—But—

RUTH: Oh noble—but what?

COL. C: The name of that rascal that got thee; yet I lie too, he ne'er got a limb of thee. Pox on't, thy mother was as unlucky to bear thee.

15 But how shall we salve that? Take off but these incumbrances, and I'll purchase thee in thy smock; but to have such a flaw in my title—  
RUTH: Can I help nature?

COL. C: Or I honor? Why, hark you now; do but swear me into a pretence, do but betray me with an oath, that thou wert not begot on  
20 the body of GILLIAN, my father's kitchen-maid.

RUTH: Who's that?

COL. C: Why, the honorable Mrs. DAY that now is.

RUTH: Will you believe me if I swear?

COL. C: Ay that I will, though I know all the while 'tis not true.

25 RUTH: I swear then by all that's good, I am not their daughter.

COL. C: Poor kind perjured pretty one, I am beholding to thee; wouldst damn thyself for me?

RUTH: You are mistaken. I have tried you fully. "You are noble, and I hope you love me; be ever firm to virtuous principles." My  
30 name is not so godly a one as RUTH, but plain ANNE, daughter to Sir BASIL THOROWGOOD; "one perhaps that you have heard of, since in the world he has still had so loud and fair a character," 'tis too long to tell you how this DAY got me, an infant, and my estate, into his power, and made me pass for his own daughter, my father dying when I was but  
35 two years old. "This I knew but lately, by an unexpected meeting of an ancient servant of my father's." But two hours since, ARBELLA and I found an opportunity of stealing away all the writings that belonged to my estate, and her composition. In our flight we met your friend, with whom I left her as soon as I had intelligence of your misfortune, to try to get your liberty; which if I can do, you have an estate, for I have mine."

40 COL. C: Thou more than—

RUTH: No, no; no raptures at this time. Here's your disguise, purchased from a true-hearted red-coat. "Here's a bundle!" Let this line down when 'tis almost dark, and you shall draw up a ladder of ropes. "If the ladder of ropes be done sooner, I'll send it by a soldier that I 5 dare trust, and you may. Your window's large enough." As soon as you receive it, come down; "if not, when 'tis dusk, let down your line," and at the bottom of the window you shall find yours, more than her own, not RUTH, but ANNE.

COL. C: I'll leap into thy arms.—

10 RUTH: So you may break your neck. If you do, I'll jump too. But time steals on our words. Observe all I have told you. So farewell—  
COL. C: Nay, as the good fellows used to say, let us not part with dry lips:—One kiss.

RUTH: Not a bit of me, till I am all yours.

15 COL. C: Your hand then, to show I am grown reasonable. A poor compounder.

RUTH: Pish, there's a dirty glove upon't.—

"COL. C: Give me but any naked part, and I'll kiss it as a snail creeps, and leave sign where my lips slid along"—"

20 "RUTH: Good snail, get out of your hole first. Think of your business. So fare—"

COL. C: Nay, prithee be not ashamed that thou art loath to leave me. 'Slid, I am a man, but I am as arrant a rogue as thy *Quondam* father DAY, if I could not cry to leave thee a brace of minutes.

25 RUTH: Away. We grow foolish—farewell—yet be careful—nay, go in.  
COL. C: Do you go first.

RUTH: Nay, fie, go in.

COL. C: We'll fairly, then, divide the victory, and draw off together.—  
So—I will have the last look. [Exeunt severally, looking at one another]

30

[SCENE 3]

*Enter COLONEL BLUNT and SOLDIER.*

COL. B: No more words; I do believe, nay, I know thou art honest. May I live to thank thee better.

SOL: I scorn any encouragement to love my king, or those that serve 35 him. I took pay under these people, with a design to do him service; Lieutenant knows it.

COL. B: He has told me so. No more words. Thou art a noble fellow. Thou art sure his window's large enough?

SOL: Fear it not.

40 COL. B: Here then, carry him this ladder of ropes. So. Now give me the coat. Say not a word to him, but bid him dispatch when he sees the

coast clear. He shall be waited for at the bottom of his window. Give him thy sword too, if he desires it.

SOL: I'll dispatch it instantly; therefore get to your place. [Exit]

COL. B: I warrant ye.

5

*Enter TEAGUE.*

TEAG: Have you done everything then? By my soul now, yonder is the man with the hard name; that man, now, that I made drunk for thee, Mr. TAY's rascal. He is coming along there behind, now upon my soul, that he is.

10 COL. B: The rascal comes for some mischief. TEAGUE, now or never play the man.

TEAG: How should I be a man then?

COL. B: Thy master is never to be got out, if this rogue gets hither; meet him therefore, TEAGUE, in the most winning manner thou canst, 15 and make him once more drunk; and it shall be called the second edition of OBADIAH, put forth with *Irish* notes upon him. And if he will not go drink with thee—

TEAG: I will carry him upon my back-side, if he will not go; and if he will not be drunk, I will cut his throat then, that I will, for my sweet 20 master now that I will.

COL. B: Dispatch, good TEAGUE; and dispatch him too, if he will not be conformable; and if thou canst but once more be victorious, bring him in triumph to Lieutenant STORY'S. There shall be the general rendezvous. Now, or never, TEAGUE.

25 TEAG: I warrant you, I will get drink into his pate, or I will break it for him, that I will, I warrant you. He shall not come after you now.

[Exit]

"COL. B: Good luck go with thee!—The fellow's faithful and stout; that fear's over. Now to my station." [Exit]

30

[SCENE 4]

"COLONEL CARELESS *as in prison.*"

"COL. C: The time's almost come. How slow it flutters. My desires are better winged. How I long to counterfeit a faintness when I come to the bottom, and sink into the arms of this dear witty fair!—Ha, 35 who's this?"

*Enter SOLDIER.*

"SOL: Here, sir, here's a ladder of ropes; fasten it to your window, and descend. You shall be waited for."

"COL. C: The careful creature has sent it.—But d'ye hear, sir, could 40 you not spare that implement by your side? It might serve to keep off small curs.

"SOL: You'll have no need on't, but there it is. Make haste, the coast is clear." [Exit]

"COL. C: Oh this pretty she Captain-General over my soul and body. The thought of her musters every faculty I have. She has sent the 5 ropes, and stays for me. No dancer of the ropes ever slid down with that swiftness—or desire of haste—that I will make to thee." [Exit]

[SCENE 5]

*Enter BLUNT in his soldier's coat.*

"COL. B: All's quiet, and the coast clear. So far it goes well; that is 10 the window; in this nook I'll stand, till I see him coming down."

[Steps in]

COLONEL CARELESS, above, in his soldier's habit, lets down the ladder of ropes, and speaks.

"COL. C: I cannot see my North Star that I must sail by; 'tis clouded. 15 Perhaps she stands close in some corner; I'll not trifle time. All's clear. Fortune forbear thy tricks, but for this small occasion."

*Enter BLUNT.*

COL. B: What's! A soldier in the place of CARELESS? I am betrayed, but I'll end this rascal's duty.

20 COL. C: How, a soldier!—Betrayed! This rascal shan't laugh at me.

COL. B: Dog!

COL. C: How, BLUNT?

COL. B: CARELESS!

COL. C: You guess shrewdly. Plague, what contrivance hath set you 25 and I a tilting at one another?

COL. C: The same friend, for aught I know, that furnished you.—This kind gentlewoman is RUTH still. Ha, here she is. I was just ready to be suspicious.

*Enter RUTH with a ladder of ropes.*

30 RUTH: Who's there?

COL. C: Two notable charging red-coats.

RUTH: As I live, my heart is at my mouth.

COL. C: Prithee, let it come to thy lips, that I may kiss it. "What have you in your lap?"

35 RUTH: "The ladder of ropes." How in the name of wonder got you hither?

COL. C: Why, I had the ladder of ropes, and come down by it.

COL. B: Then the mistake is plainer; 'twas I that sent the soldier with the ropes.

40 RUTH: What an escape was this! Come, let's lose no time; here's no place to explain matters in.

COL. C: I will stay to tell thee, that I shall never deserve thee.

RUTH: Tell me so when you have had me a little while. Come, follow me. "Put on your plainest garb; not like a dancing master, with your toes out. Come along. [RUTH pulls their hats over their eyes] Hang down your head as if you wanted pay. So." [Exeunt]

5

[SCENE 6]

*Enter MR. DAY, MRS. DAY, ABEL, and MRS. CHAT.*

MRS. D: Are you sure of this, neighbor CHAT?

MRS. CH: I'm as sure of it, as I am that I have a nose to my face.

MRS. D: Is my—

10 MR. D: Ay! Is my—

MRS. D: You may give one leave, methinks, to ask but one question. Is my daughter RUTH with her?

MRS. CH.: She was not, when I saw Mrs. ARBELLA last. I have not been so often at your honor's house, but that I know Mrs. ARBELLA, 15 the rich heiress, that Mr. ABEL was to have had, the good gentleman, if he has his due. They never suspected me; for I used to buy things of my neighbor STORY, before she married the Lieutenant. And stepping in to see Mrs. STORY that now is, my neighbor WISH-WELL that was, I saw, as I told you, this very Mrs. ARBELLA. And I warrant Mrs.

20 RUTH is not far off.

MRS. D: Let me advise then, husband.

MR. D: Do, good duck, I'll warrant 'em—

MRS. D: You'll warrant, when I have done the business.

MR. D: I mean so, duck.

25 MRS. D: Well! Pray spare your meaning, too. First, then, we'll go ourselves in person to this STORY's house, and in the mean time send ABEL for soldiers; and when he has brought the soldiers, let them stay at the door, and come up himself; and then, if fair means will not do, foul shall.

30 MR. D: Excellent well advised, sweet duck. Ah! Let thee alone. Be gone, ABEL, and observe thy mother's directions. Remember the place. We'll be revenged for robbing us, and for all their tricks.

ABEL: I shall perform it.

[Exit]

MRS. D: Come along, neighbor, and show us the best way; "and by 35 and by we shall have news from OBADIAH, who is gone to give the other colonel's gaoler a double charge, to keep the wild youth close. Come husband, let's hasten." Mrs. CHAT, the state shall know what good service you have done.

MRS. CH: I thank your honor.

[Exeunt]

## [SCENE 7]

*Enter ARBELLA and LIEUTENANT.*

LIEU: Pray, madam, weep no more! Spare your tears till you know they have miscarried.

5 "ARB: 'Tis a woman, sir, that weeps! We want men's reasons, and their courage to practise with."

"LIEU: Look up, madam, and meet your unexpected joys!"

*Enter RUTH, COLONEL CARELESS, and COLONEL BLUNT.*

ARB: Oh, my dear friend! My dear, dear RUTH!

10 COL. C: Pray, none of these phlegmatic hugs; there, take your colonel; my captain and I can hug afresh every minute.

RUTH: When did we hug last, good soldier?

COL. C: I have done nothing but hug thee in fancy, ever since you, RUTH, turned ANNICE.

15 ARB: You are welcome, sir; I cannot deny I shared in all your danger.

"LIEU: If she had denied it, Colonel, I would have betrayed her."

COL. B: I know not what to say, nor how to tell, how dearly, how well I love you.

"ARB: Now can't I say I love him; yet I have a mind to tell him too."

20 "RUTH: Keep't in, and choke yourself, or get the rising of the lights."

"ARB: What shall I say?"

"RUTH: Say something, or he'll vanish."

"COL. B: D'ye not believe I love you? Or can't you love me? Not a word.—Could you—but—"

25 ARB: No more, I'll save you the labor of courtship, which should be too tedious to all plain and honest natures. It is enough; I know you love me.

COL. B: Or may I perish, whilst I am swearing it.

*Enter PRENTICE.*

30 LIEU: How now, JACK?

BOY: Oh master, undone! Here's Mr. DAY the committee-man, and his fierce wife, come into the shop. Mrs. CHAT brought them in, and they say they will come up. They know that Mrs. ARBELLA, and their daughter RUTH, is here. Deny 'em if you dare, they say.

35 LIEU: Go down, boy, and tell 'em I'm coming to 'em. [Exit boy] "This pure jade, my neighbor CHAT, has betrayed us. What shall I do? I warrant the rascal has soldiers at his heels. I think I could help the colonels out at a back door."

"COL. B: I'd rather die by my ARBELLA; now you shall see I love you."

40 "COL. C: Nor will I, CHARLES, forsake you, ANNICE."

RUTH: Come, be cheerful. I'll defend you against all the assaults of Captain DAY, and Major-General DAY, his new-drawn-up wife. Give me my ammunition, [To ARBELLA] the papers, woman. So, If I do not rout 'em, fall on; let's all die together, and make no more graves  
5 but one.

COL. B: 'Slife, I love her now, for all she has jeered me so.

RUTH: "Go fetch 'em in, Lieutenant. [Exit LIEUTENANT] Stand you all drawn up as my reserve—so—I for the forlorn hope.

"COL. C: That we had TEAGUE here! To quarrel with the female  
10 triumphing DAY, whilst I threw the male DAY out of the window. Hark, I hear the troop marching. I know the she DAY'S stamp, among the tramples of a regiment."

ARB: They come, wench. Charge 'em bravely; I'll second thee with a volley.

15 RUTH: They'll not stand the first charge, fear not. Now the DAY breaks.

COL. C: Would 'twere his neck were broke.

*Enter MR. DAY, and MRS. DAY.*

MRS. D: Ah, ah! My fine runaways, have I found you? What, you  
20 think my husband's honor lives without intelligence? Marry come up.

MR. D: My duck tells you how 'tis—We—

MRS. D: Why then, let your duck tell 'em how 'tis. Yet, as I was saying, you shall perceive we abound in intelligence; else 'twere not for us to go about to keep the nation quiet. But if you, Mrs. ARBELLA,  
25 will deliver up what you have stolen, and submit, and return with us, and this ungracious RUTH.

RUTH: ANNE, if you please.

MRS. D: Who gave you that name, pray?

RUTH: My godfathers and godmothers in baptism.—Or, forsooth; I  
30 can answer a leaf farther.

MR. D: Duck, good duck, a word. I do not like this name ANNICE.

MRS. D: You are ever in a fright, with a shrivelled heart of your own.—Well, gentlemen, you are merry.

ARB: As newly come out of our wardships. I hope Mr. ABEL is well.

35 MRS. D: Yes, he is well; you shall see him presently; yes, you shall see him.

COL. C: That is, with myrmidons. Come, good ANNE, no more delay; fall on.

RUTH: Then before the furious ABEL approaches with his red-coats,  
40 who perhaps are now marching under the conduct of that expert captain in weighty matters, know the articles of our treaty are only these: this ARBELLA will keep her estate, and not marry ABEL, but this gentle-

man; and I, ANNE, daughter to Sir BASIL THOROWGOOD, and not RUTH, as has been thought, have taken my own estate, together with this gentleman, for better, for worse, We are modest, though thieves; only plundered our own.

5 MRS. D: Yes, gentlewoman, you took something else, and that my husband can prove; it may cost you your necks if you do not submit.

RUTH: Truth on't 'tis, we did take something else.

MRS. D: Oh, did you so?

10 RUTH: Pray give me leave to speak one word in private with my father DAY?

MRS. D: Do so, do so; are you going to compound? Oh, 'tis father DAY, now!

15 RUTH: [Takes him aside] D'ye hear, sir; how long is't since you have practised physic?

MR. D: Physic! What d'ye mean?

RUTH: I mean physic. Look ye, here's a small prescription of yours. Do you know this hand-writing?

MR. D: I am undone.

20 RUTH: Here's another upon the same subject. This young one I believe came into this wicked world for want of your preventing dose; it will not be taken now, neither; it seems your wenches are wilful. Nay, I do not wonder to see 'em have more conscience than you have.

MR. D: Peace, good Mrs. ANNE. I am undone, if you betray me.

*Enter ABEL. Goes to his father.*

25 ABEL: The soldiers are come.

MR. D: Go and send 'em away, ABEL. Here's no need, no need now.

MRS. D: Are the soldiers come, ABEL?

ABEL: Yes, but my father biddeth me send them away.

30 MR. D: No, not without your opinion, duck; but since they have but their own, I think, duck, if we were all friends—

MRS. D: Oh, are you at your *ifs* again? D'you think they shall make a fool of me, though they make an ass of you? Call 'em up, ABEL, if they will not submit. Call up the soldiers, ABEL.

35 RUTH: Why, your fierce honor shall know the business that makes the wise Mr. DAY inclinable to friendship.

MR. D: Nay, good sweetheart, come, I pray, let us be friends.

MRS. D: How's this! What, am I not fit to be trusted now? Have you built your credit and reputation upon my council and labors, and am I not fit now to be trusted?

40 MR. D: Nay, good sweet duck, I confess I owe all to thy wisdom. Good gentlemen, persuade my duck, that we may be all friends.

COL. C: Hark you, good GILLIAN DAY, be not so fierce upon the husband of thy bosom; 'twas but a small start of frailty. Say it were a wench or so?

RUTH: [Aside] As I live, he has hit upon't by chance. Now we shall  
5 have sport.

MRS. D: How, a wench, a wench! Out upon the hypocrite. A wench! Was not I sufficient? A wench! I'll be revenged, let him be ashamed if he will. Call the soldiers, ABEL.

"COL. C: Stay, good ABEL; march not off so hastily."

10 ARB: Soft, gentle ABEL, or I'll discover, you are in bonds; you shall never be released, if you move a step.

RUTH: D'ye hear, Mrs. DAY, be not so furious; hold your peace. You may divulge your husband's shame, if you are so simple, and cast him out of authority; nay, and have him tried for his life. Read this.

15 15 member too, I know of your bribery and cheating, and something else. You guess. Be friends, and forgive one another. Here's a letter counterfeited from the king, to bestow preferment upon Mr. DAY, if he would turn honest; by which means, I suppose, you cozened your brother cheats; in which he was to remember his service to you. I

20 believe 'twas your indicting; you are the committee-man. 'Tis your best way—nay, never demur—to kiss and be friends. Now, if you can contrive handsomely to cozen those that cozen all the world, and get these gentlemen to come by their estates easily, and without taking the covenant, the old sum of five hundred pounds, that I used to talk  
25 of, shall be yours yet.

MRS. D: We will endeavor.

RUTH: Come, Mrs. ARBELL, pray let's all be friends.

ARB: With all my heart.

30 RUTH: Brother ABEL, the bird is flown; but you shall be released from your bonds.

ABEL: I bear my afflictions as I may.

*Enter TEAGUE leading OBADIAH in a halter and a MUSICIAN.*

TEAG: What is this now? Who are you? Well, are not you Mrs. TAY? Well, I will tell her what I should say now? Shall I then? I will try if  
35 I cannot laugh, too, as I did, "that I will," (or think of the mustard pot.)

COL. C: No, good TEAGUE, there's no need of thy message now. But why dost thou lead OBADIAH thus?

TEAG: Well, I will hang him presently, that I will. Look you here,  
40 Mrs. TAY, here's your man OBADIAH; do you see "that now?" He would not let me make him drunk, "no more, that he would not." So, I did take him in this string, "and I did tell him, if he did make noises,

I would put this knife into him, that I would, upon my soul," (and I am going to choke him by the throat).

COL. B: Honest TEAGUE, thy master is beholden to thee in some measure for his liberty.

5 COL. C: TEAGUE, I shall requite thy honesty.

TEAG: Well, shall I hang him then? It is a rogue, now, who would not be drunk, "that he would not," (for the king).

OB: I do beseech you, gentlemen, let me not be brought into death.

(TEAG: You shall be brought to the gallows, you thief o' the world.)

10 COL. C: No. Poor TEAGUE, 'tis enough; we are all friends. Come, let him go.

TEAG: (Are you all friends?) "Well, he shall go then.—But you shall love the king, or I will hang you another time, that I will by my soul." (Then here, little OBID, take this string, and go hang yourself.) "Well,

15 look you here now, here is the man that sung you the song, that he is. I met him as I came, and I bid him come hither and sing for the king, that I did."

"COL. C: [To the MUSICIAN] D'ye hear, my friend, is any of your companions with you?"

20 "MUS: Yes, sir."

"COL. C: As I live, we'll all dance; it shall be the celebration of our weddings. Nay, Mr. DAY, as we hope to continue friends, you and your duck shall trip it too."

"TEAG: Ay by my soul will we. OBADIAH shall be my woman, too, and you shall dance for the king, that you shall."

"COL. C: Go, and strike up then. No chiding now, Mrs. DAY. Come, you must not be refractory for once."

MRS. D: Well, husband, since these gentlemen will have it so, and that they may perceive we are friends, dance."

30 "COL. B: Now, Mr. DAY, to your business; get it done as soon as you will, the five hundred pounds shall be ready."

COL. C: "So, friends." Thanks, honest TEAGUE; thou shalt flourish in a new livery for this. Now, Mrs. ANNICE, I hope you and I may agree about kissing, and compound every way. Now, Mr. DAY,

35 If you will have good luck in everything,

Turn cavalier, and cry, God bless the king.      • [Exeunt]

## EPILOGUE

But now the greatest thing is left to do,  
More just Committee, to compound with you;  
For, till your equal censures shall be known,  
The poet's under sequestration.  
5  
He has no title to his small estate  
Of wit, unless you please to set the rate.  
Accept this half year's purchase of his wit,  
For in the compass of that time 'twas writ.  
10  
Not that this is enough; he'll pay you more,  
If you yourselves believe him not too poor.  
For 'tis your judgment gives him wealth; in this,  
He's just as rich as you believe he is.  
15  
Would all Committees could have done like you,  
Made men more rich, and by their payments too.

FINIS

## TEXTUAL NOTES

Page Line

50 10 *give it to you* = *give it you*, 1665, 1710.50 19 *passed*; all editions give *past*.

51 GENERAL NOTE: The editions of 1665 and 1710 are printed in lines of uneven length, resembling blank verse form. As there seems to be no metrical scheme followed, however, and as the divisions are usually made without any apparent reason, I have abandoned this line scheme for the more modern and satisfactory arrangement above. The Bell and E. T. editions do likewise. To justify this course, I reproduce below lines 1-8, as arranged in the edition of 1665 (the 1710 arrangement is the same).

MRS. DAY: Now out upon't, how dusty 'tis;

All things consider'd, 'tis better

Travelling in the Winter; especially for us of the better sort,  
That ride in Coaches; and yet to say truth, warm weather is  
Both pleasant and comfortable: 'Tis a thousand pities  
That fair weather should do any hurt. Well said, honest  
Coachman, thou hast done thy part; My son ABEL  
Paid for my place at Redding, did he not?

COACH: Yes, and please you.

MRS. DAY: Well, there's something  
Extraordinary to make thee drink.

51 *Scene 1; Scen. 1*, 1665; *Scene 1*, 1710, Bell; omitted, E. T. The Scene is evidently laid at the stage-depot.

*stage-coachman* = *hackney-coachman*, 1665, 1710.

51 7 *an't* = *and*, 1665, 1710.

51 25 *Busy* = *Busie*, 1665, 1710.

52 7 *fain* = *feign*, 1710.

52 13 *the* = *a*, 1710.

52 14 *were* = *was*, 1665.

52 38-39 "What—sometimes" not acted. NOTE that all passages such as this are included in the texts, although set off as above. Where passages—or parts of passages—are entirely omitted (as in Bell they often are) they will be so noted.

53 4 *quite*; omitted, 1665, 1710.

53 30 *peace!* Sir, we = *peace sir*—*We*, 1665.

54 1 *for*, added by ed.

54 16 *thee* = *you*, 1710.

54 24 *hour* = *hours*, 1665, 1710.

54 33 *wert* = *we'it be*, 1665.

54 36 *They were* = *it was*, 1665, 1710.

54 38 *clerk, rogues* = *clerk-rogues*, 1665, 1710.

54 38 *tale* = *tail*, 1665, 1710.

54 40 *heiress*, appears as *heir* throughout 1665.

55 6 *Enter TEAGUE*; TEAGUE is spelled TEG throughout 1665, 1710.

55 8 *and Heaven* = *and Christ*, 1665, 1710; *Heaven*, E. T., Bell.

55 8-9 *save you all your three faces*; 1665 & 1710 have *save you all*; E. T. has *save you all three faces*; Bell has *save all your three faces*. I give the complete version.

55 9 *I prithee*; omitted, Bell. *a thirteen* = *sixpence*, 1665, 1710.

55 10 *A thirteen* = *sixpence*, 1665, 1710; omitted, Bell.

Page	Line
55	12 Line added by theatres. NOTE that where such lines come between two speeches by the same person, those two speeches are, in the 1665 & 1710 editions, all one speech: i.e., line 13 above is a continuation of line 11, in eds. of 1665 & 1710.
55	13 <i>sixpence=a groat</i> , 1665, 1710.
55	16 "Troth—enough," omitted, Bell.
55	17 <i>here=hither</i> , 1665, 1710.
55	18 <i>That's true</i> , omitted, Bell.
55	30 "faith now," omitted, Bell.
55	32 <i>would=will</i> , Bell.
55	33 "that I cannot," omitted, Bell.
55	33-34 <i>have went and gone=went</i> , Bell.
55	40-41 "he—soul," omitted, Bell.
55	42 "that there are," omitted, Bell.
56	7 "that he does," omitted, Bell.
56	10 <i>man</i> , omitted, 1665, 1710.
56	13 "I—then," omitted, Bell.
56	17-18 "and—TEAGUE," omitted, Bell.
56	21 <i>I was naked till I got this manile, that I was</i> ; Bell has <i>left me nothing but this mantle</i> .
56	25 "i'faith," omitted, Bell.
56	25 <i>you will be good to poor TEAGUE</i> ; 1665 & 1710 have <i>thou wouldest be good, too</i> .
56	35 <i>dead=dar'd</i> , E. T., Bell.
56	39 "if—would," omitted, Bell.
57	13-14 Lines omitted by Bell.
57	14 <i>Exit note added by E. T. &amp; Bell.</i>
57	18-19 "then—too," omitted, Bell.
57	25 <i>Scene 2</i> ; no scene divisions except the first of each act are noted in the texts. I have added the others throughout. This scene is laid in the home of the DAYS.
57	35 <i>many a good thing</i> ; 1665 omits <i>a</i> ; 1710 has <i>things</i> .
57	42 <i>To</i> , omitted, 1665, 1710.
58	1 <i>sweets=sweet</i> , 1665, 1710, Bell.
58	8 <i>under hand=under-hand</i> , Bell.
58	39 1665 gives this speech to MR. DAY, evidently in error. The preceding line (page 58, line 38) was added by the theatres, and hence does not appear in 1665 or 1710. In 1710 Mrs. DAY'S two speeches (as above) are all one; and <i>thought=were</i> , 1665, 1710.
59	18 <i>good=poor</i> , Bell.
59	24 <i>I'll=I</i> , 1665, 1710.
59	31 <i>have</i> , omitted, 1665, 1710.
60	4 <i>Mrs. ARBELLA</i> , Bell. Others <i>Mistress</i> .
60	22 'Save you= <i>God save you</i> , 1665, 1710.
61	6 <i>for</i> , added by ed.
62	24 <i>Scene 1</i> ; so in 1710 & Bell; 1665 has <i>Scene 1</i> ; E. T. omits. The Scene is laid in A Street.
62	26-27 "now—has," omitted, Bell.
62	27 <i>tell him so=will go tell him so too</i> , 1665, 1710.
62	31 <i>teach them to=make them</i> , 1665, 1710.
62	32 "that I will," omitted, Bell. <i>I will</i> (first one) omitted, E. T.
62	34 <i>Enter</i> , 1665; <i>Enter Bookseller</i> , Bell, E. T.;— <i>crying his books</i> , 1710.
62	36 * * * 1665 inserts here, [One cryes books without.]
63	12-17 "I'faith—sirrah!" omitted, Bell.

Page	Line
63	18 "I'faith—now," omitted, Bell. After <i>take it now</i> , 1665 & 1710 have <i>He throws the fellow down, and takes the paper, and runs out</i> . They omit ( <i>Oh,—nation</i> ) and ( <i>Exit</i> .)
63	21 <i>Crying</i> , added by Bell.
63	24 <i>Irishman=Irish</i> , 1665, 1710.
63	26 <i>Scene 2</i> , added by ed.; A Street.
63	31 <i>camest=comedst</i> , 1665.
63	32 <i>other</i> , omitted, 1665, 1710.
64	3 <i>prices=prizes</i> , 1665.
64	4 <i>mundungus=mundungo</i> , 1665, 1710.
64	20-21 = "for—soul," omitted, Bell.
64	22 "Where—thou," omitted, E. T. & Bell.
64	23 "Hadst it thou," omitted, E. T. & Bell.
64	27-28 "Ay—prithee," omitted, Bell.
64	36 <i>time=some</i> , 1710 (misprint?)
64	40 <i>good man of</i> ; 1665 omits <i>man</i> .
65	13 <i>Come along</i> , TEAGUE; 1665 & 1710 have <i>Come along, along</i> .
65	15 <i>Scene 3</i> , added by ed.; the <i>DAYS'</i> .
65	25 <i>Aside</i> inserted by ed. It may be well to note that a number of such stage directions were omitted in the editions of 1665 & 1710. I have added them where necessary.
66	9 <i>Aside</i> , added by ed.
66	10 <i>consternation=constervation</i> , 1665, 1710.
66	14 <i>dare=care</i> , E. T.
66	20 <i>for</i> , added by ed.
66	23 <i>Aside</i> , added by ed.
66	24 <i>how now!</i> ABEL; E. T. has <i>now now Abel!</i> ; Bell has <i>how now Abel?</i>
66	32-35 1665 gives this all as one speech, of Mrs. DAY'S.
67	15 <i>my brother Abel</i> ; 1665 has <i>my brethren</i> , ABEL.
67	20 <i>Scene 4</i> , added by ed. The Committee's chamber.
67	21 <i>The Committee, sitting</i> ; 1665 & 1710 have <i>Enter the Committee as to sit</i> ; Bell and E. T. have simply <i>The Committee</i> .
67	42 The <i>Asides</i> in line 42, p. 67, & lines 1, 7, 9 & 17, p. 68 were added by ed.
68	9 <i>mean? That concerns me=mean that concerns me</i> , 1710; no break ins peech, 1665.
68	20 "MR. D." In Bell & E. T. line 20 is a continuation of line 16.
68	30 <i>lie=lies</i> , 1665.
68	40 <i>any offer of taking</i> ; 1665 & 1710 have <i>any—For taking</i> .
68	40 <i>he was</i> ; omitted, 1665, 1710.
69	37 The <i>Asides</i> in lines 37 & 38, p. 69, & line 9, p. 70 were added by E. T. & Bell.
70	10 Asides in lines 10, 22, 23 & 32, added by E. T. & Bell.
70	17 <i>please, be=please by</i> , 1665, 1710.
70	25 Line added by theatres; appears only in Bell.
70	34 <i>To the Colonels</i> , added by E. T. & Bell.
71	10 This line, through <i>him.</i> , is omitted from 1710; evidently a misprint.
71	15 This line does not appear in Bell. Instead is: <i>Why, did I not knock the fellow down?</i>
71	23-24 Lines omitted, Bell.
71	34-35 Asides, added by E. T. & Bell.
72	18 <i>Aside</i> , added by E. T. & Bell.

## Page Line

73 5 *Exeunt &c.* 1665 & 1710 omit this and the *Enter CARELESS* after 15; instead, the Colonels go out as in line 22.

73 8 *Porter.* 1665 & 1710 have *Keeper*.

73 15 "that—soul," omitted, Bell.

73 21-22 (*Pay for—along*), added by theatres; appears only in Bell.

73 22 *Excunt &c.*; 1665 & 1710 have *Exeunt*. E. T. has *Exit*. Bell omits entirely.

73 23-24 "you—then," omitted, Bell.

73 24 (*But how, &c.*), Bell omits *But*.

73 26 TEAGUE's speech, ending line 32 above, appears in 1665 & 1710 as follows: Upon my soul now I have but one six pence that I. Have not: here though. I will give it thee for a Curse; there. Mr. Committee, now there is six pence for the Curse beforehand. Mr. Committee, and a plague take you all. [*Runs out.*]

74 2 *Exeunt &c.*; stage direction does not appear, 1665, 1710.

74 12 *To OBADIAH*, added by ed.

74 19 *Scene 1*; 1665 has *Seen. 1*; 1710 & Bell have *Scene 1*; E. T. omits. Scene laid in Street before Lieutenant Story's house.

74 25 *swallow=swallows*, E. T.

74 32 *Enter TEAGUE*; the eds. of 1665 & 1710 have the whole scene of lines 32-42 incl., above, and lines 1-6 on the following page follow line 12 on the following page. I.e., TEAGUE enters (1665 & 1710) directly after line 12 (next page).

74 37 "bid—and," omitted, Bell.

74 38 *make game of him*; 1665 & 1710 have *mock him*.

74 40 "Well now," omitted, Bell.

74 40 *asked=did ask*, 1665, 1710.

75 7 *angered me so=angered me but*, 1665, 1710. NOTE ALSO: In 1665 & 1710 this line is a continuation of line 31, preceding page.

75 11 *time*; Bell has *days*.

75 12 In 1665 & 1710 TEAGUE enteres here (after *Gillian.*). See note to line 7, above, and note on 74:32.

75 21 *How is that, now?*, omitted, Bell. *now=so*, 1665, 1710.

75 31-32 "Well, that I will do," omitted, E. T. & Bell.

75 38 *or spits*; Bell omits *or*.

76 32 *Scene 2*, added by ed. The home of the DAYS.

76 39 *baron*; 1665 has *barne*; 1710 has *barn*.

77 3 *I'll not*; 1665 & 1710 omit *not*.

77 11 *all's gone*; 1665 & 1710 have *all's ago*.

77 25 *to*, omitted, 1665.

77 34 BLUNT COLONEL; Bell has *blunt colonel*.

78 13 *shilly-shally*; 1665 & 1710 have *shall I? shall I?* Bell and E. T. have *shilly, shally*. So also in line 19.

78 34 *without speaking*; omitted, 1665, 1710.

79 1 *down*; omitted, 1665, 1710.

79 1 *with my hammer*; 1665 & 1710 have *with me, then*.

79 7 *Oh, so then, are you Mrs. TAY?* Bell has: *Oh, are you there? With yourself, Mrs. TAY.*

79 7 *Aside* added by E. T. & Bell.

79 9 *tell her my message*; 1665 & 1710 have: *tell her then what I will speak to her*.

79 22 "I'faith now," omitted, Bell.

79 23 *then*, omitted, Bell.

Page Line

79 28 *dost thou mock thyself*; Bell & E. T. have *do you abuse yourself*.  
 79 34 *and*, omitted, E. T. & Bell.  
 79 41-42 "You—you," omitted, Bell.  
 79 42 *that you shall*; all editions print *that I shall*.  
 80 1 *You rascally varlet*; 1710 omits *you*.  
 80 6 *Well then, I care not neither*; omitted, Bell.  
 80 14 *To ABEL*, added by E. T. & Bell.  
 81 10-11 Bell has *Exits* as above; others have *Exeunt* after line 11; 1710 and E. T. have line 11 an *Aside*.  
 81 12 *Scene 3*, added by ed. A Street.  
 81 19 *Kicking him*, added by E. T. & Bell.  
 81 31-32 All editions have *throws up one of their heels*, instead of *throws up the heels of one of them*.  
 82 17 *Scene 4*, added by ed. A room in the *DAYS'* house.  
 82 29 *gentlewoman*; 1665 & 1710 have *gentleman*.  
 83 5 *Aside*, added by E. T. & Bell.  
 83 11 *slat*; 1710 has *salt*.  
 83 18 & 24 *Asides* added by E. T. & Bell.  
 83 36 *horrible*; Bell has *horribly*.  
 84 1 *amber grease*; 1665, 1710, & Bell have *ambergreece*; Bell has *ambergrease*.  
 84 6 *footman*; 1665 & 1710 have *fool man*.  
 84 21 *his*, omitted, E. T. & Bell.  
 84 24 *Aside*, added by E. T. & Bell.  
 84 31 *Aside*, added by ed.  
 84 35 *Aside*, added by E. T. & Bell.  
 85 5 *Aside*, added by E. T. & Bell.  
 85 9 *a*, added, E. T. & Bell.  
 85 9 *Exit MRS. DAY*, added by E. T. & Bell.  
 85 10 *Aside*, added by E. T. & Bell.  
 86 32 "*that he did*," omitted, Bell.  
 86 33 *of that*, omitted, Bell.  
 86 36 *and*, added by ed.  
 87 13 *sent hither=should either*, 1665, 1710.  
 87 21 Line added by theatres; appears only in Bell.  
 87 26 *It is*; 1665 & 1710 have *Is it*.  
 88 2 *Scene 1; Scene 1*, 1710 & Bell; *Scen. 1*, 1665; omitted, E. T. Scene, A Jail.  
 88 6-7 "*before—curs*," omitted, Bell.  
 88 12 *bill=bell*, 1665, 1710.  
 88 11-15 appears as one speech, 1665, 1710.  
 88 15 *blood=urine*, 1665, 1710.  
 88 19 *To ABEL*, added by E. T. & Bell.  
 89 7 *Aside*, added by E. T. & Bell.  
 89 27 *that=but*, 1665, 1710.  
 90 4 *and I am just going*; 1665 & 1710 omit *I*.  
 90 34 *his pursuivant*; omitted, Bell. *for*, added by ed.  
 91 5 *arrant*; Bell has *crrant*.  
 91 29 "*at some tavern*," omitted, Bell.  
 91 30-3 "*Tavern—reckoning*," omitted, Bell.  
 91 40 *fair*; 1665 has *fare*.  
 92 2 *Scene 2*, added by ed. At the Tavern.

## Page Line

92 3 *crafty*; so E. T.; others all have *craftily*.  
 92 14 "a thing—stars"; omitted, Bell.  
 92 14-41 These lines, from (*Come TEAGUE &c*) through 41, added by theatres, appear only in Bell. The song, like all songs in the play, is italicized throughout. I have not here followed this practice, as it seems unnecessary.  
 92 14 *fortunate*; 1665 & 1710 have *venerate*.  
 93 13 *Well then*; Bell substitutes *Eh!* for this.  
 93 14 *Aside*, added by E. T. & Bell.  
 94 23 The Bell text departs rather widely from the others, from line 23 on, for the next five pages. Here, lines 23-41 (from "Dost") are omitted from Bell. For further notes, see following pages.  
 95 1 Bell omits lines 1-11 incl., and lines 16-37, incl. TEAGUE and OBADIAH enter immediately after *humor*, line 23, preceding page.  
 95 18 *his*; 1710 has *this*.  
 96 1 Bell omits lines 1-3 incl., line 14 following line 23 of the preceding page.  
 96 4 OBADIAH; 1665 & 1710 have *Obed. Commit.*  
 96 10 1665 & 1710 omit the SONG, lines 10-19 incl., and 1710 has the OBADIAH *tries*, etc., follow *matters*, line 21.  
 96 24 *Obed.*; E. T. & Bell have *Obad.*  
 96 29 Bell omits all after "Can you," &c." line 29, substituting the lines below. Lines 29 ff. were not acted. See also notes to following page.

(*[Dance. OBADIAH tumbles down]*)

(TEAG: *Obid! Obid!* Upon my soul, I believe he's dead.)

(COL. C: Dead!)

(TEAG: Dead drunk. Poor *Obid* is sick, and I will mull him some wine.—I will put some spice in't. [*Puts some snuff into the funnel*] Now I will howl over him as they do in *Ireland*. Oh, Oh, Oh.)

(COL. C: Peace, TEAGUE, you'll alarm the enemy. Here's a shilling. Call a chair, and let them carry him in this condition to his kind master. If you meet the ladies, say you would speak with them at the lieutenant's.)

(TEAG: Give me the thirteen, and I will give him an *Irish sedan*.)

(COL. C: How's that?)

(TEAG: This way.) (*[Takes him by the heels and draws him off]*)

(*[Exeunt]*)

97 6 Note that lines 1-34 incl., with lines 29-40 incl. of preceding page, make up the scene omitted by Bell.  
 97 12 "Enter Chairmen" &c. 1665 has *Enter Sedan*. 1710 has *Enter Chairman with a sedan*.  
 97 34 *Scene 3*; added by ed. The *DAYS'* home.  
 99 10 *the holes in his closet*; 1665 omits *the holes*; 1710 has *the places in his closet*.  
 99 31 *from*; 1665 has *to*.  
 99 34 *schismatical*; 1665 & 1710 have *schismatically*; E. T. has *schismatial*.  
 100 6 *Enter Chairman* &c. 1665 has *Enter with the Sedan*. 1710 has *Enter chairman with the Sedan*.  
 100 6 NOTE: Bell omits lines 6 ff., again inserting a different scene, as given below. See also notes to following page. These inserted scenes were the ones that were acted.

(*Enter TEAGUE, with OBADIAH on his back*.)

(TEAG.: Long life to you, madam. My master is at Lieutenant Story's, and wants to speak to you, and that dear creature too.)

Page Line

(ARB. &amp; RUTH: Conduct us to him.)

(TEAG.: Oh, that I will.—Come along, and I will follow you.)

(Exeunt all but OBADIAH.)

This final *Exeunt* &c. corresponds to the one at the end of the scene which was omitted by Bell. See following page.

100 14 OBADIAH *tumbles* &c. 1665 & 1710 omit *some*. E. T. & Bell omit *robbing*.100 35 *To RUTH*; added, E. T. & Bell.100 41 *stop*; 1665 & 1710 = *stay*.101 1-4 Bell omits down to *Exeunt*. See notes on preceding page.101 35 *and let—gain*; Bell & E. T. wrongly mark these words as added by the theatres. They appear in both 1665 & 1710. *Enter MR. DAY*; 1665 has *Enter TEAGUE*, an evident error.101 36 OBADIAH *sings Teady-Foley*; so Bell; others omit *Teady-Foley*.102 7 *To ABEL*, added E. T. & Bell.102 8 *You*; 1665 & 1710 have *yes*.102 11 *I'll teach you*; 1665 & 1710 have *teaching you*.103 1 *To ABEL*, and (2), *To OBADIAH*; added by E. T. & Bell.103 6 *high keeping*; 1665 & 1710 have *with keeping*.103 11 *Scene 1*; So 1710 & Bell. 1065 has *Scen. 1*. E. T. omits. A street.103 34 *master*; 1665 has *mastero*.104 2 As, in the playing versions, ACT V begins at the break in the line 2, in them *Enter Colonel CARELESS and TEAGUE* should come there.104 31 *now*, and (42), *now*; omitted, Bell. Lines 2-6, p. 105 were added by the theatres. Hence in 1665 & 1710 *Whispers* precedes "Must," 6.105 10 *Enter Chairmen* &c. 1665 has *Enter Sedan*; women come out. 1710 has above. E. T. omits *a*. and *the*. Bell omits *a*. and *the* and has *Sedans*.

105 38 "Well now," omitted, Bell.

105 41 *to=till*, Bell.106 1-2 *wipes her eyes*; added, E. T. & Bell.106 3 *gentleman's*; omitted, 1665. 1710.106 15 *I am ravished*; 1665 has *which I am ravished*.106 23 *to me is still honest?* E. T. has *to me is he still honest?*106 29 *and yet*, omitted, 1665, 1710.106 33 *Scene 2*, added by ed. The Jail.106 35 *so=he*, 1665, 1710.106 37 *and there—out-stink it*, omitted, Bell.106 40 *as he=as they*, 1665.108 31 *Thorowgood*: note variation in spelling of this name. In Act I we have Thoroughgood. Probably we should have the same here. I have thought it best, however, to follow the texts.109 30 *Scene 3*, added by ed. Outside the Jail.110 18 *back-side*; Bell omits *-side*.110 30 *Scene 4*, added by ed. Within the Jail. Note that all of Scene 4, as here arranged, and part of Scene 5 were omitted in acting.110 39 *careful creature*; 1710 inserts *her*.111 5 *dancer*; 1665 & 1710 have *danger*.111 6 *or desire=of desire*, 1665, 1710.111 7 *Scene 5*, added by ed. Before the Jail.111 15 *perhaps she stands close*; 1665 & 1710 have *only she stands close perhaps*.

## Page Line

111 17 *Enter BLUNT.* In acting versions, this follows immediately after Scene 3, the intervening lines being omitted.

111 18 *the place of CARELESS;* 1665 & 1710 have *place? CARELESS, I &c.*

111 35 *in the name of wonder;* 1665 & 1710 have *a' God's name.*

111 38 *plainer; 'twas I that;* E. T. has *plainer 'twas that I.*

112 5 *Scene 6,* added by ed. The DAYS' Home.

112 10 Line added by E. T. & Bell.

112 16 *for I used to buy;* 1665 & 1710 have *for—to buy.*

112 33 *Exit,* added by ed.

113 1 *Scene 7,* added by ed. The Lieutenant's Home.

114 3 *To ARABELLA,* added by E. T. & Bell.

114 11 *DAY'S;* 1665 & 1710 have *DAY.*

114 29 *in baptism;* omitted. E. T. & Bell.

114 29 *forsooth;* 1665 & 1710 have *for Sir.*

116 21 *nay, never demur &c.* 1665 & 1710 have *way. Nay, never demur. So.*

116 29 *Brother ABEL;* 1665 & 1710 have *Brethren, ABEL.*

116 35 *"that I will,"* omitted, Bell.

116 40 *"that now?"* omitted, Bell.

116 41 *"no more—not,"* omitted, Bell.

116 42 *"and I—my soul,"* omitted, Bell.

117 1-2 *(and I—by the throat);* added by theatres; *by the throat* is found only in Bell.

117 7 *"that he would not,"* omitted, Bell.

117 12-13 *"Well, he—my soul.,"* omitted, Bell.

117 14-18 *"Well, look—did.,"* omitted, Bell.

117 18 *To the Musician,* added, E. T. & Bell.

## GLOSSARIAL NOTES

## PROLOGUE

Page	Line	
50	5	bracks: broken pieces, bits; in other words, flaws.
		ACT I, SCENE 1
51	6	Reading: a parliamentary borough, the county town of Berks County (see Berkshire, p. 52, line 5). Reading is about 40 miles from London.
9	groat: an English coin, worth 4d.	
21	composition: settlement. To effect the composition of one's estate was to compound for it (as on page 54, line 1). For all references to compounding, sequestration, etc., see Introduction, page 40 ff.	
30	princox: a pert, forward, saucy boy. Here evidently used humorously, to mean an active, pushing fellow. The term was ordinarily used to imply contempt.	
52	1	a-galloping: here merely bustling about. Note the obvious play on the word in its use here and in line 2.
5	Berkshire: or Berks, a county in England, of which Reading is the county seat. See note to page 51, line 6.	
29	chopping: strapping, bouncing.	
53	16	humoursome: afflicted by, or full of, one of the four "humours"—the choleric, melancholic, sanguine, or phlegmatic—or, more broadly, moody. Where the word humour is given this significance in the play I have retained the older spelling.
17	forward: pushing, impudent, presuming.	
18	plain: here frank, straightforward. In line 10 it is taken in its literal sense, meaning plain of feature, plain looking.	
54	25	notched rascals: notched—with hair cut close, or cropped. The term was one of contempt applied to the Roundheads, or Puritans, by the Cavaliers.
55	8	Heaven save me: here and in a number of other places, the E. T. and Bell texts have softened oaths, removed or altered rather crude passages, and, in general, improved the tone of the play. Note, in this connection, the following pages and lines: 60:22, 88:15, 106:37, 111:35.
8	save you all your three faces: note that in the original this was "save you all." I cannot find any record of the use of the complete version elsewhere, but undoubtedly it was a popular, mild form of greeting.	
34	Lilly: William Lilly was a popular English astrologer and writer of Howard's time. During the Civil Wars he was consulted even by Charles I.	
35	May-pole-house: In England the celebration of May Day included the setting up of a May Pole, usually a temporary affair of birch. In the large cities, however, the poles were of durable wood, and were erected for permanent use. These poles were particularly obnoxious to the Puritans, and were forbidden by Parliament in 1644. With the Restoration, however, they came back into use. In London the last one was erected in 1661. It was of cedar, 134 ft. high, and was erected by 12 British sailors, under the personal supervision of James II, then Duke of York. As this pole was erected in the Strand, on or about the site of the present Saint-Mary's-in-the-Strand, it may well be that the May-pole-house, in which Lilly held forth, was in this immediate vicinity, and was so called, of course, because of its proximity to the Pole. I can find no more direct explanation than this.	

## Page Line

56 4 simply honest: simple meaning plain, untutored; and honest in its older, broader connotation, upright, virtuous.

34 low-belled: in hawking, one of the practises was to hunt larks and other small birds by means of torches or flares (at night, of course) and small, low and sweet toned bells. The idea was that the birds, suddenly aroused by the lights and the bells, would become "dared"—i.e., so paralyzed with fear as to be half *dead*. They could then be captured with ease.

35 dead lark: dead, or dared lark; see above note.

37 a covenant to be taken: the Solemn League and Covenant; see Introduction, page 50.

## Act I, SCENE 2

58 37 harlotry: here about equivalent to wench. The words harlot and harlotry are used in their 17th Century significance, which is about that indicated here.

59 39 put home: strike home, strike straight and true; i.e., go straight to the point.

60 4 a month's mind: to have a month's mind = to have a fancy, a liking, an inclination.

9 scribble-scrabble: a reduplicated form of scribble, meaning to write hastily or carelessly. Here a hit at Obadiah, as clerk. Note also the reference to Obadiah's "hasty scribble," page 52, line 39.

12 when you begin to open: open, here, in the sense of opening one's mouth; i. e., beginning to speak. Possibly also a play on the word.

13 apace or softly: quickly or slowly.

19 gird: a jump or start.

61 15 played at hard head: an old-time game (if anything so informal may be called a game) in which two contestants bumped heads together until one cried quits.

62 16 bladders to swim with: compare the modern "Water Wings."

## Act II, SCENE 1

36 Mr. Saltmarsh: John Saltmarsh (d. 1647) was a rather prolific mystical writer and an ardent preacher of church reform, especially during 1643-1647. There is one of his works to which this reference may apply: "England's Friend, raised from the grave, giving seasonable advice to the lord generall, lieutenant generall, and the councill of warre, being the true copies of three letters written by Mr. John Saltmarsh a little before his death." Edited by Mary Saltmarsh (his widow), London, 1649. Note also, however, that his name is used, without explanation, on the title-pages of two books by Samuel Gorton: "Saltmarsh returned from the Dead, In Amice Philalethe," &c., London, 1655; and "An Antidote against the Common Plague of the World—intituled Saltmarsh returned from the dead," &c., London, 1659. The reference might be to either one of these publications.

37 Mercurius Britannicus: an early English periodical; "Mercurius Britannicus: communicating the affairs of Great Britaine for the better information of the People." Edited T. Audley and M. Nedham. Printed by G. Bishop and R. White, London, 1643-1646.

63 24 catchpoles: warrant officers, bum-bailiffs. These bum-bailiffs were, literally, those who caught their victims (usually debtors) in the rear; in other words, they were the bailiffs who made arrests, and they were looked down upon

Page Line

with contempt, as being of the lowest sort of officers of the law. See also "bumbaily rascals," page 73, line 6, and another use of catchpole, page 81, line 30.

## ACT II, SCENE 2

64 4 mundungus: slang or cant term for mundungo (the word is mundungo in the original text), meaning bad-smelling tobacco.

## ACT II, SCENE 3

66 12 take off your dog: a reference to the old-time practise of bear-baiting; i.e., setting dogs to attack a bear chained to a stake.

67 14 stay: wait.

19 Now for an old shoe: a popular catch-phrase; about the same as "Now to get our things on."

## ACT II, SCENE 4

40 C. K.: evidently Charles the King, or Charles, King.

69 38 which whelp opens next: open, here, in the sense of giving tongue, as of dogs, in hunting, when the game is sighted.

72 6 there's a Rowland for your Oliver: in the old metrical romances dealing with Charlemagne and his court, two of Charlemagne's twelve peers, Rowland and Oliver, were so ridiculously and extravagantly treated by the romancers that there arose the popular expression, to "give one a Rowland for his Oliver," meaning to match one incredible lie with another. Here, probably, implying that Careless was giving the Committee as good as they gave.

11 draw 'em and quarter 'em: as the old form of torture, or rather, of capital punishment, known as drawing and quartering, was usually reserved for traitors, the play on the words here is appropriate. To the Roundheads, the Cavaliers were traitors.

73 1 kite: both the kite and the merlin (line 1) were small falconoid birds, and were used in certain phases of hawking.

2 muck-worms: literally, larvae of scarabaeid beetles, most often found under dung-heaps; figuratively, the term was applied to misers. It is here used in this latter sense.

6 bumbaily rascals: see note to page 63, line 24.

13 lie by the heels: to lay by the heels is to manacle, imprison, or confine.

18 gander faced gag: apparently merely a play on gag, the Porter having gagged Teague—i.e., restrained him, by force, from free speech.

## ACT III, SCENE 1

74 24 cormorants: the cormorant, a large web-footed water bird, is a voracious fish-eater; hence the figurative use of the name, as here, to signify rapacious or avaricious persons, gluttons.

26 agitants: i.e., those who were actively conspiring against the Roundheads.

27 blank commission: about the same as the more modern blank warrant; a commission in which some of the items were left blank at the time of issuance, to be filled in later by the officer serving the paper. See also page 94, line 3.

75 25 made a leg; to make a leg means to bow.

76 8 the Temple: in mediaeval times the London Temple was the home of the Knights Templars, situated near the junction of Fleet Street and the Strand. By Howard's time, however, as now, the Temple Round Church was the only

Page Line

remnant of this older London Temple, the rest of the site being occupied by the Inner and Middle Temple, two buildings belonging respectively to the legal societies of the same name, and constituting two of the four Inns of Court (the other two being Gray's Inn and Lincoln's Inn). The Inner and Middle Temple were occupied mostly by lawyers and barristers. See also the note to Temple Bar, page 100, line 37.

## ACT III, SCENE 2

76    38 under covert-baron: in the condition of a woman who is protected by her husband.  
 41 scruple: an obvious play on the word; literally, an apothecaries' weight (=20 gr., or  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz.). Here used both literally and figuratively.  
 78    23 saffron-posset-drink: the dried, orange colored stigmas of the saffron plant were formerly in high repute as a medicinal stimulant. Posset was a drink made of hot milk, curdled with liquor, sweetened, spiced, and often thickened, as with bread.  
 79    1 with my hammer: no apparent meaning, unless Teague came on the stage here carrying a hammer.  
 2 miraculous: extraordinary, beyond belief; the word was used more loosely than now.  
 10 mould himself: literally, put himself into shape; here probably prepare himself, or possibly, preen himself.  
 11 tempers his chops: to temper one's chops is, literally, to cool one's lips or mouth (jaws) by licking. Here the expression means that Teague was hesitating, thinking things over, before going on.  
 15 rattling in his kecher: I find no trace of kecher except as a verb meaning to cough unceasingly. I think this word should be kecker (shorter form of keckhorn), a provincial term for the windpipe.  
 29 Irish traitor: if this and "Irish rebel" (line 30) are specific references, they probably have to do with the Irish troubles which began in 1641, under Charles I, developed into the Irish War of 1641-3, and lasted until, in 1649, Cromwell began and, in 1650-1652, Ireton and Ludlow finished, the subjugation of the rebels. See any complete history of England.  
 37 brabble-bibble (usually found bibble-brabble): a reduplicated form of brabble, meaning vain chatter or wrangling. Here used as an adjective, "one given to—," &c.  
 80    18 'Slid: (See also 'Slife, page 72, line 18, and 'Uds my life, page 80, line 22): in all of these the contracted form stands for *God's*. The expressions were rather vulgar exclamations or expletives than oaths.

## ACT III, SCENE 3

81    24 conveniently: unaware; i.e., conveniently for the bailiffs.  
 27 has eat many a child: one of the many barbarous practises credited to the Cavaliers by the Roundheads, in the wild tales of the period.  
 36 an action for free quarter: I can find no explanation for this phrase.  
 36 trover: an action to recover the value of personal property which another has wrongfully converted to his own use.  
 82    3 shift several ways: escape in different directions.

## ACT III, SCENE 4

83    9 has bruised some intellectuals: merely pompous language, so far as I am able to discover.

## Page Line

83 11 Irish slat: Irish slate, or slat, consisting of powdered alum slate, was formerly much used as a medicine.

14 Sir Royster: Sir Roisterer.

84 5 *non obstante*: notwithstanding.

7 strangeness: acting like a stranger, pretending lack of acquaintance.

16 whoo-bub: (or whoobub): hubbub, outcry.

41 admitted in his first condition: i.e., as before he had refused to take the covenant, &c.

85 2 his stomach's come down: one whose "stomach was up" was proud, haughty.

35 I am riveted: I am rooted to the spot, fastened here.

86 13 a malignant: a name applied to Cavaliers and Royalists during the Cromwellian epoch.

15 jointure: a settlement of land, tenements, etc. made to a woman in consideration of marriage, and in lieu of dower.

41 the Devil Tavern: a London Inn situated nearly opposite the Church of St. Dunstan, in Fleet Street. The name arises from an old tale that here the good St. Dunstan seized the Evil One by the nose with a pair of pincers.

## ACT IV, SCENE 1

90 2 one, two, three, and away: an old hunting call.

7 contain: contain oneself, keep still.

41 the gentle squire of low degree: *The Squyer of Lo Dregree* is a very old English poem, apparently popular at one time, since the phrase reappears rather often. The poem itself is reprinted in part in the *Percy Folio*, III, 269. See also Spenser's *Faery Queene*, Bk. IV, Canto 7, Stanza 15 ("Yet was he but a squire of low degree."); see also *The Nut-Browne Maid*, 2 *Percy Reliques*, 28 ("Yet have you proved howe I have loved a squyer of low degree.").

## ACT IV, SCENE 2

92 20 I have tried in vain to locate and identify the four Songs in this play (pages 92, 94, and 95). The first and last are evidently merely popular songs, and as they do not appear in the original text they may very likely have been of a later date. The other two songs ("Now the veil is pulled off," and "Come, drawer, some wine") are strongly political, and are, of course, "malignant," or Royalist, productions.

21 Patrick mass-night: I find no record of any such day, or night, or service; unless, indeed, it be the 17th of March.

29 Chester: a manufacturing city in Cheshire, England.

33 Coventry: an ancient town in Warwickshire, England. This whole verse refers, of course, to the legend of Lady Godiva, wife of Leofric, earl of Mercia, and her freeing her husband's oppressed tenantry from their heavy tolls by riding naked through the streets of Coventry. The husband had promised to remit the tolls when she should be brave enough to do this feat (meaning never), and when she took him at his word, and did what he asked, he kept his word. The story is first told by Matthew of Westminster, in 1307. In its earlier forms the episode or detail of Peeping Tom (see following note) does not appear.

33 Peeping Tom: When Lady Godiva decided to take her famous ride, all the inhabitants of Coventry were directed to keep indoors, with the blinds drawn. All did so but one, Tom, a tailor, and his peeping (whence the name Peeping Tom, which has been his from that day to this) lost him his life.

## Page Line

92 36 Old Snob: this was a cant name for a cobbler; as Tom is said to have been a tailor,  
I do not see how Old Snob applies here.

38 a jack-a-lent: a simpleton.

93 1 a wisp hung up: according to popular custom, a wisp of hay or straw was said to  
be the badge of the scolding woman (as in the game, Skimmington, &c.).

2 your squib began to hiss: squib is used here figuratively, to mean a flashy, futile  
project or design. Freely interpreted, your plan didn't work out.

5 trow: think, believe.

21 sack: name applied during 17th Century to all strong white Southern wines, as  
distinguished from Rhenish and red wines.

29 presently: here and elsewhere in the play, in its older sense, meaning at once,  
immediately.

94 2 pawned for all our scores: i.e., they would leave Obadiah as security for their  
bill at the tavern.

6 bill of ammunition: a commission or warrant charging him with having hidden  
ammunition, etc.

8 Newgate: the famous English prison, established 1218 in the New Gate of the  
City of London, and demolished in 1902.

24 a malignant sonnet: a Cavalier or Royalist song. See notes to page 85, line 13,  
and page 92, line 20.

96 13 Bryan Gaulichar: I have been unable to trace this.

97 27 shortwinged worship into your mew: when falconry was popular (and since then,  
for that matter), hawks were (and have since been) divided into two general  
classes: (a) falcons, or long-winged hawks, and (b) hawks proper, or short-  
winged hawks. The latter were used for smaller game, and were therefore  
of slightly less value and importance than the others. Hence the reference  
to Obadiah is a rather contemptuous one. The mew was the coop in which  
the hawks were kept when not in use.

## ACT IV, SCENE 3

98 15 grannam: grandmother.

99 34 schismatical (or schismatically): set apart, separate.

40 a natural tympany: a tympany was a species of dropsy in which the stomach  
was stretched tight, like a drum; here, of course, the expression refers to  
the condition of a woman who is enceinte.

100 8 ferret him, or he'll never bolt: referring to the practise of hunting rabbits with  
ferrets. The ferret is put into the rabbit's burrow, and forces the rabbit to  
"bolt," or come out.

9 basket hare: a hare carried to the hunting field in a basket, and then let out to  
be coursed.

24 trapan: to inveigle, ensnare; modern trap.

27 increase our whimsy: whimsy = whim, freakish or whimsical notion; here appar-  
ently referring to the way in which Careless and Blunt unconsciously played  
up to the girls' plan.

37 Temple Bar: a historic site in London, at the junction of Fleet Street and the  
Strand, and near the Temple (see note to page 76, line 8). This spot marks  
the boundary between the city proper and Westminster, and it is here that  
the Lord Mayor of London presents the sovereign, entering in state, with  
the sword of the city.

40 that nightingale: i.e., Obadiah.

## Page Line

101 27 slappish: given to slapping his coat-tails as he walked.

## ACT V, SCENE 1

103 21 bonny-clabber: sour buttermilk.

104 12 lough: a loch or lake.

22 a quit way: a way out.

105 11 stop over: should be step over?

106 10 a sudden account: sudden in the sense of early, prompt.

## ACT V, SCENE 2

107 4 no patience to expect: no patience to wait.

108 6 honestly: virtuously.

32 had so loud and fair a character: was so widely and well known.

## ACT V, SCENE 4

111 5 dancer of the ropes: a tight-rope walker.

## ACT V, SCENE 7

113 20 get the rising of the lights: originally a nautical phrase, meaning to draw near enough to harbor to begin to see the lights rise above the horizon. Here meaning, unless you wish to call the courtship over; i.e., unless you wish to be already nearly home, nearly through.

114 20 intelligence: information, usually of the sort secured by espionage.

29 I can answer a leaf farther: I know more still; I can recite the next page too.

## EPILOGUE

118 3 equal censures: equitable, or just, censures.

\* \* \* \* \*

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<sup>1</sup> I have listed here all of the editions of which I could find any trace. As not all were available for purposes of collation, I have used the editions (as above) of 1665, 1710, 1776 (*New English Theatre*), and 1797 (Bell).

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\* \* \* \* \*

## INDEX<sup>1</sup>

Barrington (the actor), 39  
Barry, Mrs. (the actress), 39  
Behn, Mrs. Aphra, 41  
*The Roundheads*, 41  
Bracegirdle, Mrs. (the actress), 39  
Buckhurst, Lord, 19, 36  
Buckingham, George Villiers, Duke of, 13,  
    14, 19  
*The Rehearsal*, 13, 16, 44  
Butler, Samuel, 41  
*Hudibras*, 41  
Chapman, George, 41  
*An Humorous Day's Mirth*, 41  
Castlemaine, Lady, 37  
Cecil, Elizabeth, 9  
Cecil, William, Lord Burghley, 9  
Charles I, 9  
Charles II, 10, 27, 37, 44  
*Cheats*, *The* (John Wilson), 45  
Cibber, Colley, 39  
Cibber, Theophilus, 10, 13, 14, 16, 19, 45  
Crowne, John, 41  
*City Politics*, 41  
Davenant, Sir William, 13  
Dives, Mrs. Annabelle, 11, 12  
Dryden, John, 13, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 26, 27,  
    28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34  
*A Defense of an Essay of Dramatic Poetry*,  
    29, 35, 36  
*Aureng-zebe*, 26  
*Conquest of Granada*, *The*, 26  
*Essay of Dramatic Poetry*, 33, 34, 35, 36,  
    38  
*Indian Emperor*, *The*, 26, 27, 35, 37  
*Rival Ladies*, *The*, 32, 34, 36  
*Secret Love*, 34  
*Wild Gallant*, *The*, 37  
*Dunciad*, *The*, 16  
Evelyn, John, 10, 15, 27, 28, 39, 45  
Farquhar, George, 43  
*The Beaux' Stratagem*, 43  
*The Twin Rivals*, 43  
Flecknoe, Richard, 37  
Hart, Charles (the actor), 29  
Herringman (the publisher), 17, 22  
Howard, Edward, 9, 16  
Howard, Lady Elizabeth, 17, 34  
Howard, James, 9  
Howard, Sir Robert, *passim*  
*The Committee*, 22, 26, 31, 38, 40, 41, 42,  
    43, 44, 45, 46  
*Teague*, 37, 40, 42, 43, 44, 45  
*A Panegyrick to the King*, 17, 18, 19  
*Songs & Sonnets*, 17  
*The Blind Lady*, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 31  
*Statius his Achilleis*, 17, 18  
*A Panegyrick to Generall Monck*, 17  
*Duel of the Stags*, 19  
*Fear of Death*, 19  
*The Great Favorite, or The Duke of Lerma*,  
    22, 24, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 35, 36, 45  
*The Surprisal*, 22, 23, 24, 31  
*The Indian Queen*, 22, 26, 27, 28, 31  
*The Vestal Virgin, or The Roman Ladies*,  
    22, 24, 25, 26, 27, 31  
*The Conquest of China*, 28  
*Four New Plays*, 22, 32, 39  
*Five New Plays*, 22  
Howard, Thomas, 9  
Inglefield, Sir Francis, 12  
James II, 43  
John, Earl of Marlborough, 11  
Jonson, Ben, 41  
*The Alchemist*, 41  
*Bartholomew Fair*, 41  
Kingsmill, Ann, 12  
Kingsmill, Sir Richard, 12  
Kneller, Sir Godfrey, 10  
Knight, Thomas, 39  
*The Honest Thieves*, 39  
Lacy, John (the actor), 39, 41, 44, 45  
*The Old Troop*, 41  
Leigh, Mrs. (the actress), 39  
Miller, Joseph (the actor), 39  
Middleton, Thomas, 41  
*The Family of Love*, 41  
*A Mad World*, 41  
Moody, John (the actor), 39, 44, 45  
Oates, Titus, 11  
O'Brien, Lady Honora, 12  
Parsons, William (the actor), 45  
Penn, Sir William, 10

<sup>1</sup>This Index refers to the Introduction only.

Pepys, Samuel, 10, 13, 14, 22, 27, 28, 31, 36,  
    45, 46  
Pope, Miss (the actress), 39  
*Puritan, The*, 41  
Radcliffe, Captain, 37  
    *News from Hell*, 37  
Rock (the actor), 45  
Sacheverell, Henry, 11  
Scott, Sir Walter, 16, 19, 26, 27, 34, 35, 45  
*Session of the Poets, A*, 37  
Shadwell, Thomas, 13, 14, 15, 34, 35, 43  
    *The Sullen Lovers*, 13, 22, 35  
    *The Curious Impertinents*, 13  
    *The Medal of John Bayes*, 34  
    *The Lancashire Witches*, 43  
    *The Amorous Bigot*, 43  
Shakespeare, William, 41  
    *Twelfth Night*, 41  
Suckling, Sir John, 25  
    *Aglaura*, 25  
Thomond, the Earl of, 12  
Uphill, Mrs. (the actress), 12, 14, 19  
*The Variety* (Richard Griffith), 45  
Verrio, Antonio, 10  
Walker, Obadiah, 43  
Wilkes, Robert (the actor), 39  
Wilmot, Lord, 9  
Woffington, Mrs. (the actress), 39  
York, the Duke of, 14







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